The Morrills and reminiscences

Charles Henry Morrill

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Charles Henry Morrill

Presented by

CHARLES H. MORRILL

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To State Historical Society - Madison Wis.
With the compliments of

L. H. Morrill

Stromsburg, Nebraska.

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THE MORRILLS
AND
REMINISCENCES

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CHARLES HENRY MORRILL
1900

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THE MORRILLS
AND
REMINISCENCES

BY
CHARLES HENRY MORRILL

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INTRODUCTORY

FOR a number of years my children and friends endeavored to persuade me to write reminiscences of my life. I refused to undertake this until the year 1916, at which time I was nearly seventy-five years of age. These pages give a fairly clear record of a part of my life's work. Among other things I have visited every state in the United States, studying social and economic conditions, as well as soil, climate, and production. I have visited manufactories, mines, agricultural regions, and every important irrigation system in the United States. I have noted with interest the growth of villages, cities, and educational institutions in the several states where my work lay, and have watched the changes wrought in the material welfare of people incident to the introduction of labor saving devices, railroads, traction lines, means of communication, lighting, heating, and general sanitation. It has been a source of unending gratification to note the success that attended the efforts of our hardy pioneers who rose steadily from want to positions of influence and even affluence.

For many years I was instrumental in purchasing wild lands in western Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, and Montana, and afterward in cultivating them. These purchases aggregated more than one hundred thousand acres. To improve and develop new wild sections of the West, and to endeavor to make "two

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blades of grass grow where but one grew before," was always an interesting and alluring work to me. The hardships of frontier life were tempered by its various attractions and limitless possibilities. For forty-five years my work was largely on the western frontier. As I grow older, my chief regret is that age prevents me from continued participation in this work. My extended acquaintance with the people of the frontier, often isolated and remote, a hundred miles or more from railroads, has left many vivid impressions and memories.

CHARLES HENRY MORRILL.

Stromsburg, Nebraska,
June, 1917

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ANCESTRY

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ANCESTRY

THE Morrills are all descendants of Abraham Morrill, who came to America from England in the year 1632, on the ship Lion. Two brothers, Abraham and Isaac, came on the same ship. Isaac's children died young. Abraham Morrill married Sarah Clement in 1645; they had nine children. From Abraham's family came all the Morrills in the several New England states.

In 1817, David Lawrence Morrill was United States Senator for New Hampshire. He was afterwards, from 1824 to 1827, Governor of New Hampshire. Lot Morrill, United States Senator from Maine; Justin Morrill, United States Senator from Vermont, and Governor Edmond N. Morrill of Kansas, are all descendants of Abraham Morrill. The genealogy of the Morrill family, compiled by E. D. Morrill, of Camden, Alabama, is very complete, and a partial copy of the same is hereto attached. In answer to letters written by myself, he states that all the spare moments of his life have been spent in securing and compiling these records. He also stated that there were more than 10,000 Morrills included in his records. Unfortunately they were not published, and since his death I have been unable to trace those of his family who are still living. All of the family history in my possession, including the genealogical chart, I have endeavored to distribute among the Morrills.

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My grandfather, Richard Morrill, resided in Warner, New Hampshire, and for many years lived on Pumpkin Hill. He was a miller by trade, and was the owner of an overshot grist, or flouring mill, which ground wheat and other grains for people living thereabout. This mill resembled the historic "Mill on the Floss." Richard Morrill's wife was Mary Bagley. Later in life he lived in Springfield, New Hampshire, where he died at the age of eighty years, and was buried in the Warner cemetery. His wife died shortly afterward.

Ephraim Morrill (son of Richard) was my father. He was one of a family of sixteen children. He married Mahala Lampery, daughter of Levi Lampery; and I, their only child, was born in Concord, New Hampshire, July 14, 1842. Our home for many years was a small cottage located on the corner of Washington and State streets. My mother died of consumption, when I was twelve years of age. I was sent to New London, New Hampshire, to live with Susan Gay, my father's sister. While there I attended school at the "Little Red Schoolhouse" on Low Plain; I also attended the New London Academy, a Baptist school, at New London, New Hampshire.

Civil War Record

In 1862 I enlisted in the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, under Colonel Walter Harriman, who, after the war, was Governor of New Hampshire. The regiment in which I enlisted was in the Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps.

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THE MORRILL HOMESTEAD, WARNER, NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1786.
REPRODUCED FROM A PAINTING ON AN OLD CHINA PLATTER.

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This army corps was under the command of General Burnside.

Shortly after we were mustered in, our regiment joined the Army of the Potomac. General Burnside was soon afterward made Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. Our first engagement was the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia. General Burnside prepared for an attack on the Rebel army. The Federal troops were on one side of the Rappahannock River, while the Rebels under "Stonewall" Jackson occupied the other side. The Rebel forces had possession of the city of Fredericksburg. Their main army was on much higher ground in the rear. About the time General Burnside had his forces marshaled ready for the attack, rain began to fall in torrents, the country was flooded, and Burnside's army was stuck in the mud. The attack was abandoned for the time. Some weeks afterward our army was again ready. The central attack in front of the city was begun by a fierce cannonading, which lasted about twenty-four hours. Our men made several efforts to place pontoon bridges across the river. The Rebel sharp-shooters kept up a fusillade from buildings near the river bank, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the pontoon bridges were placed. When this was accomplished, our army, consisting of nearly 100,000 men, crossed the river and attacked General Jackson's forces on the heights above the city. Our soldiers were obliged to charge up the hill in the face of a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. The Rebels were located on the top of

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the ridge behind a stone wall. It was in this battle that General Jackson was dubbed "Stonewall." After several attacks by our troops, with fearful loss, we were ordered to retreat. We recrossed the river and again occupied our old camping ground. Our regiment lost more than 200 men. The loss to the whole Federal Army in this battle was 12,653.

We were afterward sent to Kentucky. We marched from Covington to Lexington, where we camped for about two months. We were then ordered south and marched through Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, Tennessee. Here, surrounded by Confederates, we were driven into the city of Knoxville. During the siege we were almost without food. Corn on the cob and dry bran constituted our rations for many weeks. At last the Federal Army, coming from Nashville, drove the Rebels away and we were again free.

From Knoxville we again marched through Cumberland Gap to Cincinnati, Ohio, where we received orders to go to Vicksburg, Mississippi. This was during the siege of Vicksburg. We remained near the city, under artillery fire from the Rebel forts, until the surrender. We then went north by boat and soon joined the Army of the Potomac under General Grant. We were engaged in the battle of Spottsylvania, and in other battles down to Petersburg. During the siege of Petersburg our regiment was under continuous artillery fire.

In all, the Eleventh New Hampshire regiment had mustered into its ranks about 1,500 men. When

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General Lee surrendered, we had but a few over 200 in line. We lost our colonel, our lieutenant-colonel, and our major; some of the officers were killed and some taken prisoners. Nearly all of the companies in our regiment were commanded by non-commissioned officers.

At the close of the war, after three years' service, I was discharged. In September, 1862, just before enlisting in the army, I had married Harriet Z. Currier of Nashua, New Hampshire. After my discharge from the army we resided in Nashua for about one year. While there I worked in a machine shop and received as wages 75 cents a day. In six months my pay was increased to $1.25 a day. I realized that it would be impossible to provide a comfortable home for a family on so small a wage; and therefore, determined to take Horace Greeley's advice, I went to Rockford, Illinois, where I found work in a soap factory at $50.00 a month.

Western Experiences

Although I had never been a farmer, I was ambitious to be the owner of a farm, and I soon determined to go farther west in search of a government homestead. With this end in view I purchased a team of horses, and in the spring of 1866 my wife and I, in a covered emigrant wagon, started west. I had no knowledge of the country west of Illinois, and no definite idea where to locate. After three days' travel we reached Savanna on the Mississippi River. There was no bridge

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and every one had to cross in a ferry-boat. As we were waiting for the boat I made the acquaintance of Mr. J. P. Smith and wife. Mr. Smith was a Yankee from New Hampshire; he had been in the West several years. He was also seeking a western home on government land. He had some knowledge of central Iowa, as he had looked the region over the year before, and had decided to locate near Webster City. I gladly accepted his invitation to join his party. We made the journey by easy stages. Neither family had children. The trip was one of the most enjoyable of my life.

After about three weeks we arrived at Webster City. There we learned that government land could probably be had about fifteen miles south. We then went to a small settlement, known as Hooks Point, now called Stratford, located about half-way between Webster City and Boone. The land there was very flat, and in wet seasons crops were damaged by too much moisture. The land on which I located was a portion of what was known as Des Moines River Land.

The following is a short history of the Des Moines River Lands as they were known in 1866.

Des Moines (Iowa) River Lands

In 1846 a grant was made by Congress to the State of Iowa to aid in making the Des Moines River navigable. This grant consisted of every alternate section of land embraced in a strip five miles on either side of the Des Moines River from its mouth to Racoon Fork, a distance of 100 miles, making a total of 900,000 acres.

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Residence of David Lawrence Morrill, United States Senator from New Hampshire, 1817–1823; Governor of New Hampshire, 1824–1827. Died at Concord, New Hampshire, in 1849.

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The state first undertook the work of internal improvement in 1853, but owing to political interference and scarcity of labor very little progress was made. The state then entered into a contract with local parties for the completion of the work. Later the contract was assigned to parties in New York City, known as the Des Moines Navigation Company, and by its terms the entire land grant was given for completion of the work. Very little, however, was accomplished by this company. In the spring of 1859 there was a great flood, and during the high water the Des Moines Navigation Company ran a boat to Fort Dodge. They then set up a claim to the title of the entire land grant, and in the same year the United States District Court decided that the land grant was valid. As a matter of fact, very little effort was made by the Navigation Company toward rendering the river navigable.

Settlers who occupied these lands claimed them under the United States Government pre-emption laws, and refused to recognize any rights claimed by the Navigation Company. In 1866 the United States Circuit Court of New York, in a suit brought by New York parties, decided that the Navigation Company had a good and sufficient title to all lands included in the grant. In 1868 the Commissioners of the United States General Land Office authorized the United States Land Office at Des Moines to accept the government filings. The same order was sent from Washington, D. C., to the United States Land Office located at Fort Dodge. Some of the settlers made final proof

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under the pre-emption laws and received patents from the government for their lands. Late in 1868 the United States District Court in Iowa decided that the patents issued to the settlers were void. Thousands of settlers had been induced to locate there by reason of the favorable decisions of the general land office, and because the Navigation Company had done nothing entitling it to the lands. The settlers were well aware that a stream, practically dry during the summer months, and ice-bound during four months of the winter, could not be made navigable. These settlers then organized and refused either to vacate or purchase the lands from the Navigation Company. As the United States Supreme Court's decisions were in favor of the Navigation Company, United States marshals were directed to eject settlers from these lands. The settlers armed themselves and refused to leave their homes. Then began a reign of terror. Both sides went prepared to defend themselves. Several agents of the Navigation Company were shot by the settlers; marshals were attacked; many families of the settlers, numbering about two thousand, were ejected from their homes and some were imprisoned for violating the orders of the court. The Navigation Company, through its agents, continued to harass the settlers by serving notices on them that they must vacate the premises or purchase the land from the company.

Owing to these conditions, permanent improvements were neglected, and most of the settlers lived in mere

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shacks. Many bills were introduced in Congress to reimburse the settlers for money paid by them to the government. In 1872 there were two hundred and forty suits pending against settlers for rent and damages. A commission was appointed by the Governor of Iowa to ascertain the value of the improvements on the land, which was found to be one million five hundred thousand dollars. For more than twenty years the rights of settlers who had lost their land were ignored. Not until 1894 did Congress pass an act to return to them the money paid into the United States Land Offices as purchase price under the pre-emption act.

In the meantime, many of the settlers, driven from their homes, had died or gone to other territory to secure new homes. The title of the Navigation Company was, in the end, confirmed. This vast tract of land was the finest and most fertile in Iowa. Much of the land along the river was covered with fine oak and black walnut timber, and, being adjacent to vast tracts of prairie land, it was of great value. It was during this contention that I settled on an eighty-acre tract of this land. During the first summer we lived in a small shack having one room. The roof was constructed of elm boards, badly warped and cracked by the hot sun. Whenever it rained, most of the water came through, wetting the bedding and everything inside the so-called house. We had at that time about five hundred dollars, a team of horses, and a wagon. This money was soon expended in the pur-

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chase of two cows, a few pigs, and enough lumber for a small house. As I had always lived in Concord, New Hampshire, I knew nothing about farming, and my wife was a city bred girl. Everything we tried to do seemed a failure. I knew nothing about the care or management of horses and cattle. My wife knew just as little about farmhouse work, such as making butter or caring for chickens. We had practically no comforts in the house, and no cellar — only a hole in the ground with dirt walls, a very inviting place for rats and mice. I spent the first summer breaking prairie for some of my neighbors, and a few acres for myself. We had no tillable land, and therefore no crop. Our new house was twenty-eight by twenty-five feet, one story high, and divided into four small rooms. It was so poorly built that during the first winter Mrs. Morrill, while at work in the kitchen, froze her feet so badly that she suffered for several years. A pail of water standing in the kitchen over night sometimes froze solid. During the first year our daughter Lilla was born. At the end of this year, or in the fall of 1866, my health was very poor. I had a violent cough and showed symptoms of tuberculosis. In September, in company with Mr. J. P. Smith, I went to Boone, sixteen miles south, and was examined by a lung specialist. He said I had consumption and advised me, if I had friends in the East, to go to them as I was in a very serious condition. When the cold weather came on I began to improve and decided to remain in Iowa.

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Mr. Ephraim Morrill, Mrs. Mahala Lampery Morrill, and Their Only Child, Charles Henry Morrill at Nine Years of Age. From a Daguerreotype.

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In the spring of 1867 I planted about forty acres. The season was wet, I did a poor job of farming, and my crop was almost a total failure. One of my horses died, leaving me without a team. I purchased a blind horse on credit, and in 1868 put in about sixty acres. This year also was very wet and crops again failed. Gradually I was getting into debt. This indebtedness was almost always for food and clothing. I was indebted to my neighbors for corn, wheat, and meat and it was impossible for me to pay them. Naturally my credit became poorer as time went on, and I was soon considered, by those living near me, as financially irresponsible and not worthy of credit. In 1868 our son, Charles Albert, was born.

In 1869 there was another partial crop failure due to wet weather. For the first time I was refused credit at the store at Hooks Point, our nearest town, for twenty-five cents' worth of coffee, and I was informed that I was on the blacklist, as I did not pay my debts. To me this was a terrible blow; winter was coming on and we were almost without shoes and clothing. Thinking I might obtain credit in towns farther away, where I was not as well known, I went to Boone, Webster City, and Mineral Ridge. Wherever I went my name was found in the blacklist book, and I was refused credit. I purchased from my neighbors, on credit, old saddle skirts with which I half-soled shoes for myself and wife. For over two years we had no clothing except that which we made for ourselves from brown denim. My wife even made mittens and caps

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for me from old, worn clothing. For nearly two years we had no wheat flour — to obtain wheat flour I must have cash; but I could purchase, on credit, a few bushels of corn from distant neighbors who did not know my financial condition, and could get it ground at a mill near by.

While I was in this desperate condition, I lost another horse which hung itself in the stable. After several weeks' search I found a poor "crow-bait" that I could purchase on time by agreeing to pay twice the real value of the animal. In 1870 our condition was most deplorable. During the summer I found a tract of one hundred and twenty acres of land that I could purchase for two hundred dollars by paying one hundred dollars down, the balance in two years. I succeeded in borrowing one hundred dollars from my uncle, John Henry Morrill of Rockford, Illinois. The season started with fine prospects for crops. During the latter part of the summer I succeeded in disposing of my newly acquired land for nine hundred dollars. After paying my debts I still had five hundred dollars.

After several days of discussion, my wife and I decided to invest the entire sum of five hundred dollars in young calves, which at weaning time could be purchased at five dollars a head. To do this we would have to continue living on very little, and deprive ourselves of every comfort. We were young and full of hope, and we concluded that by making this sacrifice we would soon be on the road to prosperity. At that time my only ambition was to acquire a comfortable

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home. All around our farm were large tracts of land owned by non-residents. This land was free to settlers for pasturage, and for cutting hay. By the time frost came in the fall of 1870 I had more than one hundred head of calves, and sufficient hay to feed them through the winter. I was so afraid some of these young cattle might die that I almost slept with them. My crops in 1870 were very good, and with my debts paid, and my young cattle growing, I felt myself on the high road to success.

I remember well the day I rode from neighbor to neighbor to pay my debts. Nearly every man thanked me and said, "Morrill, we are glad you are making good. We never expected you to be able to pay us." This was one of the happiest days of my life. My debts were all paid and my honor as a man was redeemed. After that I was able to look my neighbors in the face without feeling that they had good reason to think I had obtained credit from them under false pretenses. By the year 1871 I had a fine herd of cattle, and my credit was established so that when necessary I could borrow small sums of money from the banks. In 1872 I sold a bunch of fat cattle for one thousand dollars.

The experience I had in Iowa was just the lesson I needed to make me a careful, successful man. It taught me methods of economy and thrift, the value of money, and more than all, the value of credit, which in a very large degree means character and honor. Every young man will succeed if he has the elements of

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success in him, if he has fair judgment, is thrifty, and deals honorably with his fellow men. He not only must see opportunities as they present themselves, but he must have the judgment to separate the good from the bad. He must also have energy sufficient to carry through whatever he starts. As I write these lines I am seventy-five years of age. To the young man of to-day there are offered more, better, and bigger opportunities than during my younger days. If he has no capital he should make his services so valuable to men who have capital that they cannot well do without him. Every successful man must retire from business at some future time. Usually, the son of a rich man is not to occupy his father's place in business. It is the poor boy upon whom the future business world depends. This makes untold opportunities for poor young men who are honest, willing to work, and determined to succeed.

Nebraska Experiences

In the fall of 1871 I made a trip to Nebraska where I purchased from the Union Pacific Railroad, one hundred and sixty acres of land in Polk County on the Big Blue River. In the spring of 1872 I drove six yoke of oxen overland to Nebraska. When I arrived, I took a homestead on land adjoining that which I had purchased the previous year. During the summer I broke one hundred acres of prairie. My intention was to move my family west the following spring. During the summer of 1872, while I was in Nebraska,

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The Uncles and Aunt of Charles Henry Morrill—Mrs. Mary Morrill Parker, John Henry Morrill (Left), Abner Morrill (Right), and Cyrus Morrill (Center).

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our son Arthur was born. It was about March 1, 1873, when I started to Nebraska with my wife and children in two covered wagons. We had at that time one hundred and twenty-five head of cattle and eight head of horses. We were obliged to cross the Missouri River at Omaha in a ferry-boat, as no bridge had been constructed up to that time.

As we passed through Omaha I stopped to purchase some supplies at the store of J. J. Brown & Brothers, wholesale and retail grocers. Mr. Brown was standing in the doorway of his store. As I went out he asked if I was the owner of the herd of cattle in the street, and also where I was going. I told him I had taken a homestead on the Big Blue River southwest of Columbus, and that I was on my way there. He then said: "Now young man, with one hundred head of cattle you have such a good start it is not necessary for you to go out into that dry country. I have three hundred and twenty acres of fine land lying less than three miles from where we are standing which I will sell you for nine dollars an acre, and give you all the time you want to pay for the same." I thanked him for his offer, saying that I had already established my home on the Big Blue and that we hoped to be there in less than one week. I then asked Mr. Brown if it would be possible for me to get a one hundred dollar draft cashed. He offered to go with me to the Omaha National Bank, where he introduced me to Mr. J. H. Millard, the president. In conversation with him, he said, "We like to see young men like you coming to

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Nebraska. Whenever you come to Omaha, drop in." When, in after years, I embarked in the banking business I became well acquainted with Mr. Millard. No man tried harder than he to assist the small banks and pioneer business men of Nebraska. During the hardest periods he always wore a cheerful smile and said, "Do your best and don't worry; everything will come out all right." In the hard times of the '90's when I became so discouraged I could not bear it any longer, I went to Omaha to talk with Mr. Millard. He always took a cheerful view of the situation, and after talking with him I always went home feeling much better. Every business man in Nebraska owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Millard, who never faltered in the support of the business interests of Nebraska, although at times it seemed very doubtful if Nebraska was destined to become a successful agricultural state.

Just after we passed Fremont, Nebraska, the terrible blizzard of the spring of 1873 struck us. It was impossible to drive cattle facing such a storm, for in spite of our efforts to force them to go on, they turned back, and we had to follow them some distance before we succeeded in turning them into a corral. This storm lasted six days, my cattle and horses had no shelter, and it was impossible to get hay or water to them because of the violent wind. I purchased corn from the owner of the corral, broke it into small pieces, carried it in buckets, and fed it to them from my own hands. In this way I endeavored to feed them one bushel every hour during the day. At night I went

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WESTWARD HO ALONG THE PLATTE RIVER VALLEY

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among them several times, driving them about to keep them from getting covered with snow, drifting under, and freezing. In this way I saved my entire herd. Thousands of cattle drifted under and froze. Many people perished during this storm. School children froze to death on their way home.

After the storm we proceeded on our journey, arriving in due time at our future home. Prior to leaving Iowa I had contracted for the erection of a house on my Nebraska claim. The house was sixteen feet square. It was enclosed when we arrived. My family then consisted of five persons. The house was small, but we managed to get on very well. All the houses in that vicinity, with one exception, were made of sod. Nearly all the early settlers in the western part of Polk County were Swedes. Nearly half of them had come without horses or oxen. They took homesteads and exchanged work with their neighbors for team work to break a few acres and to haul sod for their houses and stables. These Swedish settlers were a very honest, industrious, and hard-working people. Generally they had large families. With crop failures it was often impossible for them to meet their obligations, but they never repudiated a debt. In all my transactions with Swedish people, in the sale of merchandise, and for many years in the banking business, I never lost one dollar by giving them credit. I consider my prosperity in later years due very largely to the absolute honesty of my Swedish patrons. In due time prosperity came to them. They now con-

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stitute the most wealthy farming community in Nebraska. They won by industry, thrift, and square dealing, which is a verification of the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

My first crop of wheat, consisting of about twenty acres, grown in 1873, was cut with an old-fashioned cradle. In 1873, in company with Mr. J. P. Smith, I opened an agricultural implement store. At this time practically all business was done on credit, and the early settlers being poor, we soon found ourselves in trouble. After two years' experience I sold my interest to Mr. Smith and became a partner with Lewis Headstrom and John B. Buckley in a general merchandise store, which was, in fact, the only store in Stromsburg.

About this time the Stromsburg Townsite Company was organized. I was afterwards elected president. On the Fourth of July, 1873, the celebration was held in my grove south of town. Thomas Record, known as "Uncle Tommy," delivered the oration. He appeared on the stage barefoot, with his pants rolled up to his knees, and his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows. In this garb he proceeded to fly the American eagle. At that time it was admitted that Uncle Tommy had more political influence than any man in Polk County. It was said that his relatives numbered more than thirty voters. He opposed the voting of bonds to induce the construction of the railroad in Polk County, saying, "Boys, if I ever live to hear the whistle of an engine in Polk County, I will move away from this locality all-fired quick."

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HARRIET Z. CURRIER, AT THE AGE OF TWELVE YEARS. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

"As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me — that old sweetheart of mine.
And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come."

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The year the grasshoppers destroyed Nebraska crops I was in the mercantile business. We had "trusted out" more to our customers than the entire firm was worth and not a dollar could be collected. After getting notes for all accounts due the concern, I went to Omaha to meet representatives of the different firms to which we were indebted for goods purchased. I told them frankly that we were broke. I had a statement of all land and other property owned by members of our firm, and I offered to turn everything over to them if they would release us from further obligations. After considering the matter they informed me that they could not accept the offer. They were satisfied that the statement I presented was true and concluded that they would prefer to have us continue the business. They promised to stand by us and wait until we could pay if we would sell goods for cash only. The following year we had a short crop, but it was sufficient to enable our customers to pay cash for their goods as well as something on the old score. In after years nearly all of our customers paid in full.

Northwestern Nebraska in the Seventies

Prior to the year 1880, drought and grasshoppers brought about conditions that made it almost impossible at times for a man with a family to remain on his land. In 1875 I decided that I must leave my homestead and go east with my family, or leave my family on the farm and seek employment where I could earn money to support them and pay some of my debts.

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This question was many times the subject for family debate.

As I saw it, to go east and abandon my homestead meant that in all probability I would be a tenant for the remainder of my life. To go west and leave my wife and four small children on the farm in a sparsely settled country with 6,000 Pawnee Indians less than twenty-five miles away was not a pleasant proposition to consider, especially for my wife who was to remain on the farm. However, it was finally decided that it was best that I go.

Gold had been recently discovered in the Black Hills and there was a rush of gold hunters to the new city of Deadwood. That was the nearest, and as I saw it, the most promising place to go. The only way to reach the Hills was by stage from different points along the Union Pacific Railroad. The principal point for equipping was Sidney, Nebraska. Upon my arrival in Sidney I found the town surrounded with freighting outfits, many just arriving from the Hills, others just starting north on their journey. At that time there was one company of United States soldiers located at the military post near the town. Saloons and dance halls were numerous, all doing a flourishing business. During the night I heard shooting, and many voices mingling with the reports of guns. I dressed hurriedly and went down to see what all the excitement was about. The landlord of the hotel informed me that I would be more likely to retain my health and return to my family if I remained inside.

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In the morning I was up early and went out upon the street. I found a dead man lying directly in front of the hotel. Several men passed while I was standing there, but no one seemed interested in the victim. One party of passers-by stopped a moment and I inquired the cause of the trouble. I was told that "there was no trouble at all" that "the boys was havin' a little fun shootin' up the town, and, as usual, somebody got hurt." At the breakfast table the killing was discussed as an everyday affair. When I had finished my breakfast, I found that the corpse had been removed. I am here reminded of an item which I afterward saw printed in a Deadwood newspaper concerning a local incident; it reads as follows:

"Last week two freighters from Sidney, Al Smith and Cy Jones, had a few words in a Deadwood saloon over a game of cards. Jones called Smith a liar. Jones leaves a wife and four small children. Eastern papers please copy."

There was one stage line running from Sidney to the Hills. It was owned and operated by Jim Stephenson and a Mr. Marsh, both of Omaha. The stages themselves were of the Concord coach type, the same as those used by "Buffalo Bill" in his Wild West show. The stages left Sidney every afternoon at one o'clock, and were run day and night until they arrived at their destination. We were told to "get our tickets early." When the time arrived for the departure of the coach which I was to take, there was one passenger more than could possibly be crowded in. Who was to be left behind soon became a burning question. Several

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of the men declared that if they did not go, the stage coach should not go. Presently Stephenson appeared and informed the party that the men should draw cuts to see who would be left until the following day. Several swore that they were going to go, and that they would never draw cuts. For a time it looked like war, as nearly every man in the crowd had two large revolvers hanging from his belt, and gave evidence of being ready to use them if occasion demanded. But presently one man volunteered to wait for the next stage, and we were soon off.

The stage was drawn by six horses of the broncho type. I remember that at some of the relay stations the drivers were obliged to throw some of the horses in order to place the harness on them. When we got straightened out and on the road with fresh horses, we were generally "going some" for a few miles. The stations, called "roadhouses," were about thirty miles apart. At each roadhouse fresh horses were supplied. Everything went on merrily and about five in the afternoon we reached Clarke's bridge on the North Platte River, where the town of Bridgeport now stands.

H. T. Clarke of Omaha was the builder and owner of this bridge. He had also a store near the bridge, both of which were under the management of Mr. White, who now lives in Bridgeport, I believe. This was the only bridge across the North Platte River west of North Platte. On the opposite side of the road from the store there was a saloon, which I was informed, however, was not the property of Mr. Clarke and was

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Harriet Z. Currier at the Age of Sixteen.

Charles H. Morrill at the Age of Sixteen.

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at that time out of commission. The front door of this saloon was riddled with bullets and in the place where the door knob should have been, there was nothing but a hole about the size of a man's fist. Upon inquiry I found that when the cowboys got so "full" that they wanted to fight, the saloonkeeper would lock the door, and they would then use the door knob as a target. In time, the door knob was entirely shot away.

After a stop of about an hour at this most interesting place, we were off again. Just before dark the stage stopped, and Stephenson, who was riding on top with the driver, came to the door and said: "Now boys, during the night you had better have your revolvers handy, as some of our stages have been attacked by Indians. The road, as you see, is very rough and bronchos are not so very easily managed. Once in a while we have a tip-over. In such a case, don't get excited or make any noise, as nobody ever gets hurt." The horses were changed twice during the night. No Indians appeared, and we had no tip-over. The next day we arrived at Fort Robinson.

W. F. Kimmel of Osceola, afterward state senator, was a post trader here. He offered me a position which I gladly accepted, and later I became interested in the concern. Before the Custer battle Fort Robinson was a "one company" post. At the time of my arrival I think there were nine companies encamped there. There were also, in camps near the military post, five thousand Crow Indians, six thousand Arapahoes,

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between seven thousand and ten thousand Sioux, Spotted Tails, and Cheyennes. These Indians were all captured on or near the Custer battlefield. The big chief among them was Sitting Bull. The government, fearing they might escape and again go on the warpath, disarmed them and took away their ponies. On Saturdays the ponies were sold in lots of twenty at auction. They brought about two dollars each. The purchasers signed contracts to remove them from the vicinity at once. That was a very difficult task as bands of outlaws and Indians were roaming over the country in all directions. The Indian of those days was far from being like the civilized Indian of to-day who loafs around small towns near Indian agencies and trades the blankets he gets from Uncle Sam for whisky. These Indians, running loose up in the hills country, were of the old-fashioned, raise-your-hair, burn-your-cabin, and run-off-your-horses variety. No person was allowed to sell any kind of merchandise within the reservation except the post trader and Indian traders. Unauthorized persons who tried to smuggle goods into that section of the country had no protection, and were soon robbed by Indians or adventurers.

If I remember correctly, the Indian trader at that time was a Mr. Deer. His store was at the Indian agency two or three miles from the military post headquarters. About twice a month the Indian agent issued beef to the Indians, sometimes in the form of dressed beef; mostly, however, on the hoof. It was very

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interesting to see this performance. The Indians, on ponies, and armed with bows and arrows, would gather at the agency. A certain number of wild range cattle would be turned out of the corral, and, as soon as they were loosed away they would go. The Indians were prepared for this dash, and those interested in the bunch of cattle turned loose would give a whoop and the chase was on. At least two hours elapsed before the beef issue was completed and the cattle all killed. Everything except the hide of the animal was eaten by the Indians.

The post trader's establishment consisted of a general store, clubhouse for private soldiers, and officers' club. In those days the motto of the army officers and soldiers was, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Therefore there was something doing at the clubs every night. I remember very well a captain in the Ninth regiment who was a jolly good fellow and who came over to the club every night to play a little poker with his friends and "cheer up." His wife demanded that he be home not later than ten o'clock. Very often he was in a forgetful mood before that hour arrived. At ten-thirty sharp there would be a gentle tap on the door and the captain's wife would enter. As army officers are trained to be gentlemen, all those who were able to stand, would do so. The captain always admitted that he was in the wrong and never once refused to obey orders. Very likely he had learned, as have most married men, that discretion is the better part of valor.

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Bad Land Fossils

It was at Fort Robinson that I first became interested in the remains of animals that are found in the bad lands. During the first summer I spent there, Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale, with a party of students, came from the East on an expedition to collect fossils. The professor informed me that about twenty miles northeast of Fort Robinson was one of the best known fossil fields in the country. This was the White River bad lands of the Hat Creek basin. I drove out to the camp upon several occasions, and became much interested in what was collected, and later contributed money to the University of Nebraska for paleontological research. The Hat Creek badlands were deeply cut and lofty buttes, chimneys and castellated forms could be seen everywhere. The bad lands were entirely bare; accordingly innumerable skeletal parts of animals had been washed out and exposed to view. The commonest of these were fossil turtles, of all sizes, and Oreodon skulls, which were in extreme abundance at that time. Bones of the giant animal called the titanothere were to be seen at every turn, while those of the rhinoceros, three-toed horse, and other animals often crushed under foot as we walked.

It seemed desirable that the remains of these remarkable creatures be preserved for the state. With that end in view I became a patron of the University of Nebraska and for a number of years contributed funds for paleontological research under Dr. E. H. Barbour.

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Charles H. Morrill at the Age of Twenty. From a Daguerreotype Taken Just before His Entrance into Military Service, and His Marriage to Harriet Z. Currier.

Harriet Z. Currier at the Age of Nineteen, Just before She Married Charles H. Morrill. From a Daguerreotype.

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It likewise seemed desirable to perpetuate the tribesmen and I began to collect Indian relics of all sorts including beadwork, porcupine quill work, moccasins, belts, trappings, bows, arrows, stone implements, pipes, Indian paintings, and the like. These have been placed in the Nebraska State Museum and in the Nebraska State Historical Society.

Dr. Erwin Hinckley Barbour, who had received his degrees of Bachelor of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy at Yale, and had assisted Professor Marsh on the United States Paleontological Survey for six or seven years, and had taught in Iowa College for two years, was called to the University of Nebraska in 1891. At that time the Department of Geology was unequipped and the museum practically empty. With recognized vigor, he proceeded to organize these departments, and within the year the head of the Department of Geology was appointed Curator of the State Museum, and a year later State Geologist. Since this time he has held this triple position without additional cost to the State.

The opportune moment for collecting and preserving the fossils of the state seemed at hand, and I offered substantial encouragement to the work. Though not a scientist, it was my privilege to contribute something to science by giving one thousand a year, for geological and paleontological research, for some fifteen or twenty years. In turn Dr. Barbour gave his time free for some twenty-five summers. He was willing and ready to forego the pleasures of vacations, as well as the profits which could have come to him for professional service.

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He even went farther and defrayed some of the costs of these expeditions out of his own purse. These things should be recognized and remembered in connection with the growth of the Nebraska State Museum.

He took charge of field parties and collected widely, with the result that the Nebraska State Museum is pronounced by many the largest and most varied of any between Chicago and the Pacific coast. These annual expeditions were known as the Morrill Geological Expeditions of the University of Nebraska, and the specimens are credited to me. They are rich in forms from the White River bad lands and from later formations. They are especially rich in fossil elephants and in new types which have been figured and published in the volumes of the Nebraska Geological Survey, University studies, and scientific journals. The credit given to me in these documents makes this seem the most enduring of any accomplishment of my life.

Each year I made many trips to Sidney, sometimes with freighters, sometimes by stage, and often on horseback. Whenever a horseback trip was to be made, there were several men in the party, for it was dangerous traveling alone, and ten men in a party had a better chance against the Indians and outlaws than a single man. I was so badly frightened on one of these trips that I began to believe that living on a government homestead with grasshoppers and drought thrown in was not as bad as I had thought.

In the instance to which I refer, there were eleven in the party, and before leaving we selected as our leader a

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squaw-man who could speak the Indian language. We left Fort Robinson early in the morning and nothing unusual transpired during the day. Just before dark we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming behind us. The country through which we were passing was thickly wooded with pine trees. Our squaw-man leader ordered us to get behind trees and "be ready." A few moments later we saw "Old Man Friday," chief of the Arapahoes, and one other Indian. Friday had always been a friendly Indian, having been educated in St. Louis, later serving in the employ of the Great American Fur Company; but finally, returning to his tribe, he put on blankets and became their chief. Friday told us that there was a plot on foot among the Indians to put our entire party to death before we arrived at the next roadhouse, ten miles distant. We held a council of war, and as it was determined that the attacking party might consist of a hundred or more Indians, and as our own party totaled only thirteen, including Friday and his Indian companion, we decided to separate. Friday took the lead with the others following at intervals of about two hundred feet, the other Indian bringing up the rear. We were ordered to walk our horses in order to make as little noise as possible, and in case of attack each man was to look out for himself. Moving in this way, we did not reach the roadhouse until after midnight. No Indians had appeared, however. In the morning we gave Friday twenty dollars for saving our scalps. Most of our party were of the opinion that the whole thing was

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a cunning "frame-up" on the part of Friday. The road to and from Sidney ran through a part of the North Platte valley. At that time cowboys and wild animals roamed over what will be known, in the near future, as the most productive and fertile part of the State of Nebraska.

Reminiscences of the Early Days

In January, 1880, I was appointed private secretary to Governor Albinus Nance. The Legislature was in session, and as this was my first association with statesmen, what I saw and heard was very interesting. As is usual in such assemblies, most of the members were dreaming new law dreams. They seemed to think that new laws would be easier to obey. Church Howe and General Van Wyck were members of the senate. Outside of the general routine of business I remember only two subjects of special importance that were under consideration. The penitentiary at that time was under the control of Charles Mosher, with Mr. Nobes as State Warden. There were charges and countercharges of corruption and mismanagement. Committees were appointed to investigate and report. About the time the Legislature was ready to adjourn, these committees reported that nothing irregular had been discovered and that the penitentiary was well and properly managed. The other subject of interest was the proposal to submit to the voters of the state an amendment to the State Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Church

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Morrill and Family Photographed in 1887. Charles A. Morrill (Standing), Arthur C. Morrill (Left), Edgar L. Morrill (Right), Minnie Morrill (with the Doll).

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Howe was champion of the prohibition cause, while it was generally understood that Boss Stout represented the liquor interests. The fight on this question dragged through the entire session. Several times the prohibitionists decided that they had a majority and that they would force the issue, but when it came to a canvass of their votes on the floor of the House, something had happened to prevent some of their friends from being present. Some members had been called home by sickness in their families, some had eaten too much "beefsteak" and were confined to their rooms.

There was a story in circulation that the liquor interests of the state had raised a fund amounting to sixteen thousand dollars to be used in defeating the bill, and that the money was turned over to a certain Omaha politican to be delivered to a certain Lincoln politician. The lobbyists were frantic, as the session had been awfully dry financially. The man from Omaha declared that he had delivered the money to the man in Lincoln; the Lincoln man was certain that he had never received a dollar. The lobby concluded that the two had divided the swag, and it then decided that prohibition was a good thing, and that the bill should pass; but for some reason it failed.

During the following summer Henry Atkinson, at that time surveyor-general of New Mexico, came to Lincoln. While there he visited the Governor's office and after telling about general conditions in New Mexico, stated that the important object of his visit to Lincoln was to inform his friends about the wonderful

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gold and silver mines in the new Cereo mining district, about fifteen miles from Santa Fé. He named several of his friends to whom, politically, he was under obligations, and said that if we would have a meeting, he would show us what he had already secured in mines and mining claims. The party included several men from Omaha.

At this meeting General Atkinson exhibited specimens of gold and silver ore taken from his mines. Those present were greatly interested in the wonderful specimens of horn silver ore. The General stated that he had nothing to sell, and that it was not necessary for us to purchase mines, since with his assistance we could locate claims just as valuable as his. Naturally we were all ablaze with the "get-rich-quick" mining fever. He frankly stated that he did not know how many millions he had, but felt sure it was only a question of digging it out of the ground. He proposed that we select two or more of our number to return with him to New Mexico. Those selected were to locate claims for themselves and their associates, all claims to be the property of the syndicate.

After discussing the question as to who should go, it was decided that Morrill was the only man who could get away from business. I absolutely refused, as I knew nothing about mines or mining. At the next meeting of the "Gold and Silver Mining Syndicate," we concluded that we would be obliged to give up the whole proposition. I still had the "get-rich-quick" fever and offered to go, provided the syndicate would

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employ a mining expert. Finally it was decided that a committee should call on Professor Stewart, who was a geologist and mineralogist, and offer to let him in as an equal partner in the syndicate, provided he would go with Atkinson and me to Santa Fé and give his services and knowledge of minerals for such length of time as would be necessary. After an examination of the specimens and a further conference with Atkinson, he accepted the proposition. The Professor had a complete assaying outfit and we were soon off. The nearest railroad point to Santa Fé was La Junta. From this point we went nearly two hundred miles by stage via Las Vegas. At that time the city of Santa Fé had about ten thousand inhabitants, of which nine thousand were Mexicans. All of the products grown by the Mexicans in the surrounding valleys were brought to Santa Fé on pack animals. These included hay, wood, grain, garden truck, and so forth. Nearly every building was a one-story structure. These were constructed of sun-dried brick about one foot square. The houses were generally connected with those on adjoining lots. Built in this way, around an entire block of ground, there was in the center an enclosed court, used as a meeting place for the women and a playground for the children. The brick, made of blue clay mixed with straw, are almost indestructible in that climate. The old Mission church, constructed of this material and said by the Mexicans to be over five hundred years old, was still standing.

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At the hotel we were seated at the same table with General Lew Wallace and his wife. At that time the General was Governor of New Mexico. The Legislature was in session, but since all proceedings were in Spanish, we were not interested.

It was decided that Professor Stewart should remain in Santa Fé, and that I should go to the camps to procure, from mines already opened, samples of ore for assaying. About two thousand claims were already located. On many of them work was being done. In camp I was told of an old Spanish mine called the Minne del Tero. In company with others I explored this mine several times. It had not been worked for perhaps one hundred or more years. Large bodies of ore had been taken out to a depth of several hundred feet. The shaft was on an incline of about forty-five degrees. Logs, standing upright, had been placed on the incline and steps cut in the logs, making a sort of ladder or stairway that reached to the bottom of the excavation. Governor Wallace informed me that a tradition existed to the effect that at the time the mine was being worked, the Mexicans held the Pueblo Indians as slaves, requiring them to mine the ore, carry it on their backs to the surface, and thence three hundred miles into Old Mexico to be smelted. The ore was of no value until it had been put through the smelting process. Wherever the ore is melted there is always slag, and slag is indestructible. The nearest point where slag had been found was three hundred miles south. Many thousands of

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Mr. J. H. Millard, Ex-United States Senator, Eighty Years Old, and President of the Omaha National Bank.

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tons of ore must have been transported from this old mine.

Near the mine there was a small mountain or hill, fully half of which had been removed. Through the center of this was a thin vein of turquoise. The Mexicans and Indians placed a high value on turquoise for ornamental purposes.

While at the mining camp I received a note from Governor Wallace in which he said that I had better arrange to be in Santa Fé on the following Sunday. When I arrived he informed me that since nearly all of the Mexicans were Jesuits they would hold a very interesting ceremony on Sunday. The season had been extremely dry. There was little or no irrigation and the crops in the valleys were suffering for moisture. It was the purpose of the Jesuit priests to appeal to the Virgin Mary, asking her to intercede with the Almighty in behalf of the drought-stricken people. On Sunday morning a procession was formed at the Mission church. This procession was led by a band. Then came several priests followed by two hundred boys, carrying spears the tips of which were painted red to resemble blood. Then came four men carrying a litter on which was an image of the Virgin Mary, seated in a small chair, followed by two hundred girls dressed in white, and after these came perhaps two thousand Mexicans. A hollow square was formed in the plaza, with Mary and the priests in the center. The priests recited in Latin. An appeal was made to Mary. She was thanked in advance and blessed by the priests.

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The crowd dispersed and the Virgin Mary was returned to her accustomed place in the church. I was told that if it failed to rain the following week, Mary would be more forcibly reminded of her duty on the next Sunday. No rain came, and the same performance was repeated. The priests were more vehement in their demand that in some way Mary bring the much needed rain. The rain came in a few days, and on the Sunday following Mary was again on parade. Many prayers of thanks were offered and Mary was commended for the great blessings she had brought to mankind.

The territorial state capitol, occupied by Governor Wallace, was a one-story adobe building, with walls rather more than four feet in thickness. The Governor informed me that there was no record to show when, or by whom, this building was constructed. He also said that the only history to be found of past conditions, when the country was under Spanish and Mexican rule, was tradition, which was conflicting and unreliable.

While at Santa Fé I visited the Pueblo Indian agency. I was told that there were less than one thousand of these Indians at that time. They seemed very sad, never a smile being seen on their faces. In this they resembled the Aztec Indians of Mexico.

General Wallace often referred to a book he was writing. This no doubt was Ben Hur, which came out soon afterward.

After remaining in Santa Fé two months we decided to return to Nebraska. I have no information that successful paying mines have since been developed in

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the Cereo district. Of the twelve members of the Gold and Silver Mining Syndicate, only one other and myself are now living.

When Nebraska Was in the Making[1]

The year 1880 started out with prospects for fine crops. Nebraska never looked better. The Union Pacific railroad had already sold most of its land in the eastern and central part of the state at prices ranging from four to seven dollars per acre. The Burlington lands had been sold at twenty-five cents to ten dollars an acre. I think my friend C. W. Kaley[2] is, at the present time, the owner of six hundred and forty acres near Red Cloud that he purchased at twenty-five cents an acre, from A. E. Touzland, land commissioner for the Burlington. Most of the land, belonging to the Burlington, was sold to settlers.

During the month of July chinch bugs attacked the wheat, and it yielded only about half a crop. In August dry weather set in, and between the chinch bugs and the drought, the corn crop was materially damaged, and in many localities, ruined. In the seventies, farmers were kept poor by short crops, and the failure in 1880 seemed to convince many of them that successful farming in Nebraska was extremely doubtful.

General Van Wyck was a candidate for United States senator, and made up his mind that it would be good politics to attack the railroads. In 1880 he canvassed

[1] Printed in the *Nebraska State Journal*, Fall of 1915.
[2] Hon. Charles W. Kaley died January 6th, 1917.

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the state. It was interesting and amusing to watch his methods of campaigning. He wore an old, dilapidated slouch hat, a long linen duster with numerous grease spots thereon, and other garments to match. Clad in this fashion he went from county to county, appealing to the voters for their support. I was present at a meeting held in Stromsburg, where he made a vicious attack on the pass system then being practiced by the railroads. A farmer arose and requested the privilege of asking a question, and on being told to proceed, said, "General Van Wyck, do you travel on passes?" The General was equal to the occasion. He looked at the audience for a moment over the top of his eyeglasses and replied, "O, yes, yes, I have a pocket full of passes. I want you, my friends, to know that in war it is always good policy to forage on the enemy." The crowd laughed and the General lost none of his popularity.

We had the honor of entertaining the General and his wife overnight at our home. We lived on the farm and our accommodations were of the early frontier type. We were just farmer folk and had no servants. Our guests seemed to be at home and appeared to enjoy our way of living. In the morning I was up early doing the chores, and the General followed me about, asking questions and making suggestions. He said, "We farmers should try to grow all our food," and then he told about the big crop of sorghum he had grown the previous year on five acres in Otoe County. When I expressed my regret that I had not planted sorghum, he kindly offered to send me a keg if I would

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Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Scott of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, Who Served from 1861, with Various Promotions, to November, 1865, When Mustered Out.

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accept it. I thanked him for his kindness and in due time the molasses arrived. It was of fine quality and made good sweetening. I was afterward told that during the campaign, the General sent over one hundred kegs of molasses to his constituents.

When the Legislature convened General Van Wyck opened his headquarters at the Commercial hotel. J. J. Imhoff was then proprietor and Bud Lindsay was head waiter. Mrs. Van Wyck, known to the politicians of that time as Kate, was the real manager of the general's campaign. She was acknowledged to be a real political general. S. F. Fleharty, a member of the Legislature, who had served in the Illinois legislature at the time General John A. Logan was elected to the senate, said that Mrs. Logan was a much better politician than her husband, and that without her assistance General Logan would not have become senator. Fleharty often said that the work done by Mrs. Van Wyck reminded him of Mrs. Logan's campaign.

When the first vote for senator was taken, Van Wyck had three votes. I remember that one leader in the Legislature stated, in the Governor's office, that Old Man Van Wyck would never be elected, "I am not for him, but I am going to stay with him in the fight, until the winning man shows up, then I will leave him." After Van Wyck was elected it was amusing to note that this same man declared that he had been for Van Wyck, first, last, and all the time.

In the years 1878 to 1881, cattle and horse thieves did a thriving business in western Nebraska. Cattle

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men were much annoyed by having homesteaders settle on government land where their cattle fed. Few laws were enforced in the extreme western portions of the state. Judge Gaslin's district included much of this territory. Gaslin was the terror of all evil doers, and whenever they appeared in his court they were summarily convicted, and sentenced to the full limit of the law. It was in 1878 that the Olive-Ketchum feud broke out. Olive was a cattle man while Ketchum was a homesteader. Olive claimed that Ketchum ran off or killed some of his stock. The first fight between the parties took place at Ketchum's homestead, on Clear Creek, in Custer County. Ketchum and a man named Mitchell were attacked by Stephens, a brother-in-law of Olive, and three other men. They were driven off after Stephens had been mortally wounded. Olive offered a reward of seven hundred dollars for the arrest of Ketchum and Mitchell. They were taken by Sheriff Crew of Howard County and Sheriff Letcher of Merrick County and put in the Buffalo County jail. Sheriff Gillan of Keith County took the two men from the jail and started for Custer County in a wagon. Olive and his party followed. Gillan turned Ketchum and Mitchell over to the Olive party. They tied ropes around the necks of Ketchum and Mitchell, and hanged them on a tree in Devil's Canyon, about four miles from Broken Bow. Olive shot Mitchell with a rifle. A fire was started under the men and they were burned in a frightful manner. Ketchum's friends, and other homesteaders, joined in making the affair a political

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issue between the cattle men and the homesteaders. This contest developed until it became a matter of general interest throughout the entire western part of the state.

The election of the sheriff and other officials was fought out on the Olive-Ketchum issue. It was generally agreed by Ketchum's friends that a jury could not be found in the county, where the murder was committed, that would not disagree or set Olive free. Olive and Fisher were tried in Hastings in 1879 before Judge Gaslin. When the trial came up the judge made short work of it. They were found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. Olive's friends then attacked the trial on the ground that Olive was not tried in the same county in which the act was committed. The court sustained the attack and Olive was set free.

At that time there was a rendezvous of outlaws and horse-thieves near Long Pine on the Niobrara River. Chief among their number was Doc Middleton. These outlaws made raids on settlements and ran off horses and cattle wherever found. Many attempts were made to drive them out of the state. They made a raid in the central part of the state, and if I remember correctly, shot one of the citizens of Hamilton County. The Governor offered a reward for the capture of Middleton, dead or alive. A short time after the murder in Hamilton County, Middleton was captured by Deputy United States Marshal Lewellyn, and afterwards sent to the penitentiary. After the capture of

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Middleton, the band dispersed, and peace reigned once more on our western border.

In that year the strike of the employees of the Omaha Smelting works occurred. There seemed to be no possibility of an agreement between the employers and the employees. The strikers threatened to burn and destroy the buildings of the smelting company. As the situation grew worse, the sheriff and others of Douglas county, called on Governor Nance for state troops to prevent violence. I was sent to Omaha by the Governor in order that he might have direct information as to the exact status of the strike. I attended the street meetings held daily by the strikers. One day at a meeting held on lower Douglas Street, at which there were about three thousand employees of the smelter and their sympathizers, the county and city authorities and officials of the smelting works, were denounced as arch-enemies of the laboring man. Threats of violence were made against officials who were opposing the strike. Among others Mayor James E. Boyd was mentioned as an enemy of organized labor, and notice was served on him that he had better keep hands off, otherwise he might have good reason to regret his interference. Some of Boyd's friends at once notified him of the meeting and advised him to stay away as the mob was in an ugly mood, threatening violence, and might do him personal injury. Boyd replied, "I am going to drive right down to that meeting." He soon appeared, and standing in his carriage said, "I am a friend of all laboring men, and

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Ex-Governor Albinus Nance.

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as such, I advise you not to meet on the streets, in a mob like this, to discuss your grievances. Go to your homes. Think it over. Be good, law-abiding citizens, and you will be respected, and your rights will be carefully guarded." One speaker, representing the strikers then advised Boyd to go home, and mind his own business, otherwise personal violence might be necessary to convince him that hands-off was the best policy. This exasperated Boyd. He shook his fist at the crowd, and said he was Mayor of Omaha and would enforce the law, no matter who the transgressors might be. So far as his personal safety was concerned, he dared those who threatened him to do their worst. The mob hooted the mayor, but he stood his ground until most of the mob had gone.

A few days afterwards, Governor Nance, with a committee of citizens, met a committee representing the strikers; they agreed on a compromise, and the strike was settled.

At the present time there is not one of the state officials living who served during the administration of Governor Albinus Nance. Governor James W. Dawes succeeded Governor Nance. If I am correctly informed, ex-Secretary of State E. P. Roggen is the only state official now living who served during the administration of Governor Dawes.

Early in 1883[1] I resigned my position as Secretary to the Governor. Making new acquaintances was always a pleasure to me, and those made during my term of

[1] Published in the *Nebraska State Journal*, Fall of 1915.

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office have since been a source of great satisfaction. Among them was Senator Hitchcock, Governor Thayer, Senator Saunders, Judge O. P. Mason, C. H. Gere, John R. Clark, General C. F. Manderson, General C. J. Dillworth, Secretary of State S. J. Alexander, Judge Pound, J. B. Weston, R. S. Morton, ex-Governor Dawes, Judge Amasa Cobb, Edward Rosewater, Dr. Geo. L. Miller, S. H. H. Clark, J. Sterling Morton, Henry Yates, Judge Dundy, William Paxton, Judge Crounse, C. O. Whedon, J. W. Deweese, George W. Holdrege, Thomas J. Majors, J. H. Ager, Albert Watkins, Judge A. M. Post, General Victor Vifquain, G. M. Lambertson, T. M. Marquett, Judge M. B. Reese, H. H. Nicholson, Peter Jensen, E. J. Hainer, and many others from every county in Nebraska.

During the summer of 1883, Governor Nance, J. H. Mickey, and myself, organized the Osceola and Stromsburg banks. Interest rates were high, and the only securities were chattel mortgages, often at the full value of the stock mortgaged. Speaking of interest rates in those days reminds me of the following: A man offered a Seward banker unusual security for a three hundred dollar loan. The banker refused, saying, "You see, sir, we always deduct the interest in advance; our rate is twenty per cent, making sixty dollars interest per year, which in five years would amount to just three hundred dollars. If we made this loan you would be owing us three hundred dollars and would get nothing."

In the seventies I saw my opportunity to make good trades for land and livestock, if I had some ready money. There was no bank in Polk County. As

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Columbus was the nearest trading point, I determined to make arrangements for a line of credit there, so I could rely on getting funds when I was sure I could make a good deal. It was mid-winter when I went over on horseback. I took a statement showing the number of horses and cattle I had, with a description of the same. I was not acquainted with Leander Gerrard, the banker, and as I lived forty miles away he refused to give me a line of credit. I was referred to a Mr. Smith, who was loaning money on chattels. Smith had a very small office, with a small cannon stove in the center. He was burning corn as fuel. The room was as cold as a refrigerator, and Smith was just hugging the stove to keep from freezing. He wore a Prince Albert coat, and I made up my mind at once that he was a "down-East Yankee" like myself. I told my story and produced the statement, showing the number of cattle and horses I was willing to mortgage, if I found an opportunity to make a deal. After looking over the statement, Smith said, "If the stock is clear of all encumbrance I will loan you up to five hundred dollars." He then inquired, "Do you read the financial news in the paper?" I told him I did not. "Why," said he, "money brought two per cent per day in New York last week. Well, well," he continued, "my conscience would not allow me to charge that rate for money." I asked him at what rate he loaned. He replied that he always received five per cent per month, the interest to be paid in advance, with no deduction if the principal was paid before due.

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While Smith was my banker, I made several short-time loans of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. At one time I wanted to borrow five hundred dollars. When I told Smith he looked up surprised and wanted to know if I were going to run away. He asked me to explain what I was going to do with so much money. I told him I could buy a quarter section of land for five hundred dollars spot cash, and I had a customer who would purchase the land for one thousand dollars, provided that he could give a mortgage for the full purchase price. Smith looked over the security I offered and shook his head. I then offered to put in a bunch of hogs, but he refused to take them as they were worth but two dollars per hundred pounds, and if he got them they must be hauled forty miles to market. I then offered to put in six Indian ponies I had just traded for. I explained to Smith that I had a party in Galesburg, Illinois, who would cash the mortgage at its face value on my guarantee. He then drew up a note and mortgage on sixty days' time, and also prepared an affidavit for me to sign, stating that the stock mortgaged was clear of all encumbrance. When he had the papers completed I read them over and said, "Smith, you now have a mortgage on everything I have in this world, except one medium-sized woman, thirty years old, and four kids with dark hair and blue eyes. If you say so, I'll put them in." Smith laughed and said he did not believe the parties he got money from would accept them as collateral.

In less than four weeks I had a draft back from Galesburg. I wanted to keep my credit good, so one

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Ex-Governor John H. Mickey.

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day I walked into Smith's office and counted out the money. He was very much pleased and patted me on the back, saying, "Morrill, if there were more men like you, this world would not be so full of trouble."

Several years afterward Smith went to National City, California, and, I was sorry to hear, lost his fortune in real estate speculations.

I think it was in 1875, one midsummer's day, that I was returning from a trip to Columbus. When I reached the divide or bluff lands south of the Platte River, I was very thirsty. There was really no excuse for my being dry, as Columbus was always wet. There were very few settlers on the bluffs in those days, and I was wondering if I could stand it until I got to Osceola. Presently I saw a sod-house about two miles off the road to my right. I concluded to ride over and quench my thirst. As I approached the house I saw that it was vacant, but there was a well with a windlass and an old shrunken wooden bucket. I let the bucket down into the well but before I could get it to the top, it was empty. I tried again, speeding up, but the result was the same, so I gave up. On the front of the house a notice was posted, which read as follows:

THIS CLAIM FOR SALE
Four miles to the nearest neighbor.
Seven miles to the nearest schoolhouse.
Fourteen miles to the nearest town.
Two hundred feet down to the nearest water.
God bless our home!
For further information address
Thomas Ward, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

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I wondered if that would be my fate. The notice appealed to me and I copied it.

In the western part of Polk County and in the eastern part of Hamilton County, there was a strip of territory, perhaps ten miles in width, on which for many years in succession the crops were destroyed by hail. It was known as the hail district. A Swede by the name of John Johnson, lived near the county line. He traded at Aurora and sometimes at Stromsburg. He was a hustler, and I often tried to get him to do his borrowing at our bank. He always refused, saying that he got his money at Aurora at ten per cent. One day he came into the bank and inquired our rate. I told him fifteen per cent, or four dollars, on one hundred dollars for ninety days. He groaned, saying that it was awful, but as his bank in Aurora was not loaning, he would take one hundred dollars for ninety days. After we had deducted the interest, he received ninety-six dollars. When the note was due he came in and counted out in payment one hundred and four dollars. I asked him what the extra four dollars was for. He replied, "Interest, of course." I told him that he had paid the interest once. He replied that at the Aurora bank he always paid interest on both ends of the loan.

I remember loaning two hundred dollars to a man living in Hamilton County. He gave as security a mortgage on one dark brown horse, named Moody, and on one sorrel horse, named Sankey. Times were very hard and we were obliged to carry this loan with

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Moody and Sankey as security for about five years, renewing it every ninety days. One day the owner of the horses came into the bank and paid off the loan. When he got his note and release of the mortgage, he said, "Thank God, old Moody and Sankey are clear once more. The hail has been so bad I should have been obliged to leave the state if I could not have borrowed the money."

In relating some of the experiences of the early settlers in "The Making of Nebraska," and of frontier life, I have not spoken of social conditions, so far. The first settlers were young or middle-aged people. They were generally poor financially. They were all confident of success and felt sure that in a few years they would be as comfortably situated as the friends they had left at their former homes. They were happy in making any sacrifice necessary in order that they might succeed. Socially they were all on an equality. They were all clad in plain, durable garments. Neighbors always exchanged work. They found practically the same kind of food on all tables, and it was served in the same manner.

Sunday was visiting day. The entire family would be loaded into the wagon for a visit to neighbor Smith. Smith's folks would not know of our coming but when we arrived they would all come out to greet us and express themselves as "So glad to see us all." Soon after our arrival another wagonload would come and sometimes still another. Everybody was greeted with a hearty welcome and everyone seemed happy. Chick-

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ens were killed and other preparations made for dinner. Sometimes the number of visitors was so large that the dinner table must be reset two and even three times in order to accommodate all. It was a happy day for the numerous children always present. We all enjoyed the clatter and confusion that seems to be an indispensable factor in child life. The conversation was generally about the weather, crops, future prospects, and, of course, there was some innocent neighborhood gossip.

As every farmer was his own hired man we were obliged to be at home by milking time. After the family was loaded into the wagon we counted noses to be sure we had all of our tribe on board. We assured the Smith's that we had enjoyed every minute and as we bade them goodbye we said, "Now do come over, and be sure to bring everybody." Such invitations were extended with the sincere wish that the parties might soon have the pleasure of another meeting.

There is a true sentiment of the "common brotherhood of man" in frontier life. I remember a settler in Iowa, who had lost his right hand. It was impossible for him to comply with the requirements of the law as to continuous residence on his land. When it was reported that his claim would be jumped, we met and resolved, "That the man who dared try it would be hanged on the nearest tree." No one seemed to believe the claim worth the risk involved.

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"Sunday was Visiting Day."
From "Farm Rhymes" by James Whitcomb Riley, Copyright 1905. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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My Florida Orange Grove[1]

When Governor Nance's term of office expired, S. F. Fleharty, his secretary, went to Tampa, Florida. He was in poor health and the warm southern climate seemed to agree with him. In 1885 he wrote that it would be a wise and profitable investment for me to purchase an orange grove. I had never visited Florida, so I immediately began to have dreams of living among the flowers and orange blossoms, of fixing up a place where I could spend the winter months, and of being able, in my old age, to live in a land where snowdrifts and blizzards would never come.

After some correspondence, I authorized Mr. Fleharty to purchase for the sum of five thousand dollars, twenty-seven acres, of which, seven acres were planted to oranges. The tract was located about three miles from Tampa on the banks of the Hillsboro River, with a fine river frontage. In the winter of 1886, I took my family to Tampa for a few weeks' stay. We stopped at the Orange Grove hotel. At that time Tampa had less than two thousand inhabitants while at the present time there are about thirty-five thousand. I was in poor health and decided to rest before going out to look at my orange grove.

The day after our arrival two young men from Boston, came to the hotel. They had guns and fishing rods and informed us they were out for a hunt. After resting a day and fixing for the hunt they said they

[1]Published in the *Nebraska State Journal*, Fall of 1915.

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would leave early the next morning, and if as successful as they had been on former trips, we would all have venison for dinner the next evening. About eleven A. M. of that day one of them returned with the dead body of his companion. He told us that about eight o'clock they had sighted a small herd of deer. To get nearer to them they were creeping in the grass and saw palmettoes, when a big rattlesnake struck his partner who survived but fifteen minutes.

The following day, Fleharty hired a darkey to row us up the river to the orange grove. On the way we saw several alligators and water snakes along the river banks. The tract I had purchased, was fenced in, and in one corner was a small shack in which a negro family, that cared for the property, lived. There was a big fat wench who answered my questions about the land and the grove. I also asked her if she had seen any rattlesnakes about. She answered, "Why, good Lord, sah, las' week I seed a rattler out in dat year grove bigger'n dat stove pipe, sure I did, sah." I told Fleharty I had always been afraid of snakes and that we had better return to Tampa. He insisted that there was no danger and that we walk over the land and look at the grove. While we were going over the property I was not looking up to see the orange crop: my eyes were riveted on the ground, looking for snakes. The next day Fleharty proposed that we go out again. I told him that I was perfectly satisfied with the purchase and that I wanted to rest for a while.

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There was fine fishing in Tampa bay. The best bait was minnows. I was always proud of my record as a fisherman and was very anxious to show the Florida "crackers" what a real live fisherman could do. The landlord at the hotel told me to engage a skipper to take me out to the fishing ground. About half a mile from the hotel there was a small brook. This brook, the landlord said, was full of minnows. He furnished me with a minnow pail, fish pole, bait, and a small box covered with woven wire. He told me to sink the box in the brook and put the minnows in it as I caught them, so they would keep alive until the next morning. The grass and palmettos were knee-high along the brook. I fished back and forth a number of times and soon had plenty of bait. In the morning when I went down to get the minnows there was a big snake lying on the edge of the brook, close by my minnow box. I returned to the hotel for the landlord. He took a long pole and soon finished the snake. He said it was a moccasin, and that if I had been bitten I would have died before I could have reached the hotel. I lost all interest in orange groves and determined that sailing on Tampa bay or walking in the middle of the road was good enough for me.

During the winter I formed the acquaintance of a Mr. Brown, the owner of a department store in Rockford, Illinois. He was a fine fisherman, and together we caught many a good string of red snapper, sea bass, and Spanish mackerel. One day I inquired of Fleharty what he had in Nebraska that he would trade for my

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orange grove. I told him I would trade for anything. When he saw that I was determined to trade the land off, he offered me some leases on school lands in Red Willow County, and said he would throw in a big alligator, eleven feet in length, and a fine skeleton of a very large alligator. These he had gotten from a taxidermist in a trade. We soon came to an agreement. The school land leases proved to be of very little value. Afterwards I sent the alligator collection to Professor Barbour for the University Museum, where they are now properly installed. Whenever I am on the University campus, I try to look at this collection. It brings back many pleasant recollections of my younger days, my dreams of the happy years I was to spend among the orange blossoms, the fate of the hunter from Boston, what I saw on the banks of the Hillsboro River, the story of the negro wench about the big rattler in my orange grove, the moccasin that was faithfully guarding my box of minnows, and last, but not least, my fine ability as an all-round trader.

Nebraska Lands and Land Values

In the year 1886, in company with Lewis Headstrom, we purchased from the Union Pacific railroad, twenty-five thousand acres of land lying south of the Platte River and south of Big Springs, in Keith County, Nebraska. This tract ran south from the river for several miles and was just east of the notch in the Nebraska state line. The purchase price was two dollars and seventy-five cents per acre. The land was

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Mr. Charles Elliott Perkins, President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, 1881 to 1901.

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sold on ten annual payments. We disposed of our entire holdings in six months. Shortly after we made this purchase, Major Clarkson, General J. C. McBride, S. F. Fleharty, and many others purchased large tracts near the town of Kimball, Nebraska. It was said that Major Clarkson's purchases totaled over eighty thousand acres. There was very little known at that time about the process of dry farming and as there was no water available for irrigation, dry years made it impossible for farmers to grow crops, and a large part of these lands reverted to the railroad companies.

When the Burlington constructed the short line to Cheyenne, Wyoming, towns were established in the southern part of Keith County, and as dry farming became better known, that section grew prosperous. About this time several friends of mine purchased thirty thousand acres in the vicinity where Grant is now located. After paying for the land in full, and the carrying charges for more than twelve years, they disposed of it for about one dollar per acre. The extended drought of the nineties drove nearly all the settlers from that part of the State.

A Journey to the Coast

In the year 1889 I decided to go to Salt Lake City for a year, with the thought of making that city my future home. Salt Lake City, at that time, had about thirty thousand inhabitants. Governor Nance and I decided to open a real estate and loan office. Shortly afterwards, Frank B. Stevens, formerly of the firm of

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Dawes, Foss, and Stevens of Crete, Nebraska, located in Salt Lake City. We occupied the same offices. Mr. Stevens was a very bright young lawyer and a hustler. Being a stranger in a strange land, he set apart certain hours each day in which to go from office to office, from store to store, and, in fact, to every place of business, for the purpose of forming acquaintances. After he had once gone the rounds, he regularly made short calls on those he had met in order to keep up and cultivate these acquaintances. He was a good mixer, and very soon knew practically all the leading business men in Salt Lake City. In a comparatively short time he had a fine law practice and later became United States District Attorney for Utah.

Two young men from Stromsburg, Nebraska, Glen R. Bothwell and Robert E. McConaughy, came to Salt Lake City about the same time. These men are now rated as millionaires. They first went into mining in a small way, then into the lumber business, and later into the construction of ditches to be used for irrigating large tracts of land.

A few years prior to 1900 the United States Government had begun to enforce the legal penalty for polygamy, several leading Mormons had already been sent to the penitentiary. Those having plural wives separated, so far as outside appearances were concerned. The wealthy Mormons had separate establishments for their various wives. The United States Government had established a home in Salt Lake City for such of these wives as desired to leave their hus-

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bands or who might become a public charge. It was the boast of all Mormons that no Mormon woman had ever asked for support, or for a home in this institution. During my residence in Utah I never saw a Mormon beggar on the streets, and never saw nor heard of a tramp who was a Mormon. Many of the Mormons were very poor; the Church looked carefully after the welfare of these people and provided for them. At every term of the United States Court, prominent Mormons were on trial for polygamy. Whenever there was a case of special interest I attended court. I remember a case where a Mormon from the southern part of Utah was charged with having twelve wives. When he appeared in court he was dressed in broadcloth, and had the appearance of a wealthy gentleman. The twelve women charged with being his wives were in court, none of them over thirty years of age. They were all dressed in homespun cloth or calico, most of them wore small shawls over their heads. They were a good-looking, healthy bunch, and it was charged that these women were all of them wives of this man, and that he used them as farm laborers. All of the women swore that they were not married and did not cohabit with this man. It was impossible to convict the slick fellow who was profiting by their labor.

I formed the acquaintance of a Mormon business man, who told me he had five wives who had lived in the same house with him prior to the time the Government began to persecute the Mormons. When I asked him if these wives did not fight, he invited me to

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visit his home and talk with one of them, the wife with whom he was then living. I went down one evening, he brought up the subject of plural marriages and told me to ask any questions I saw fit. This woman said that the five wives, of which she was one, lived in the same house ten years, that there had never been a quarrel, that they all loved each other in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. She expressed herself as heart-broken because of the persecution of the Government which forced their present separation. I began to wonder if it was possible for a man to live more happily with five wives than with one.

As I was walking near the Mormon Tabernacle on Brigham Street one day, I met a very old man carrying a dozen eggs in a small basket. He was going toward the tithing house. I stopped him and asked if he was a Mormon. He answered, "Thank God, I am." He also said that he was on his way to the tithing house with his one-tenth offering to the Lord. I told him it was a shame that the Church would accept the contribution of a dozen eggs from an old man like himself. He answered, "May God bless you, would you deprive an old man, eighty years of age, of the greatest blessing of his life? May God bless you, sir." He then went on his way.

The Mormons were extremely clannish. They nearly all traded at the co-operative Mormon stores and did not usually mix with the Gentiles. In city politics there were always the Mormon and the anti-Mormon factions. There were many stories told of

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Mr. T. E. Calvert, Chief Engineer of the Burlington System.

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the acts of Brigham Young and his many wives. Most of these wives lived in one house not far from the Tabernacle. The house was divided so that each wife had an apartment. It was said that one day Brigham Young met a very dirty looking boy on the street near his residence. He scolded him about his untidy appearance and told him to go home and tell his mother it was a disgrace to the Mormons to allow such a looking child on the streets. As the boy started away, Brigham asked, "Whose boy are you?" He answered, "I am Brigham Young's son."

The Mormon Church established in Salt Lake City a theater and several dancing halls. I asked if the Church people believed that theatergoing and dancing were debasing to the morals of the young people. A Mormon elder answered, "Young people cannot be kept away from places of amusement, and if they will patronize such places, we believe it the duty of the Church to own and regulate them by suppressing immoral shows in the theater. As for dancing we think, that under the management of the Church, there is nothing wrong about it, in fact, we believe it to be an innocent amusement, and therefore, ask our young people to attend Mormon places of amusement, and very seldom are they seen elsewhere."

While living in Salt Lake City, Gov. Nance and I visited the great silver mine at Park City, owned by Hearst and Hagen. We were the guests of Mr. Chambers, superintendent of the mine. There were three hundred miners employed and we were told that

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the mine had already paid millions of dollars in dividends to the owners. There was a dining room of sufficient capacity to seat, at one time, all the employees and officials. The food was of the best the market afforded. The miners were paid from three to five dollars per day of eight hours. There were three shifts of laborers, and all expressed themselves as being well-satisfied. While there we took a ride from the top of the mountain down into the valley on an ore car. These cars were run in trains, three cars constituting a train. They came down by gravity. The engineer sat on the rear car with the brake at his right. There were ropes tied to the two front car brakes, which were held by the engineer like lines on horses. The grade was fearfully steep and the turns in the road very short. We came down at almost lightning speed and on the way saw several cars that had run off the track and rolled one hundred feet or more down the bank. This was certainly the ride of my life, and no amount of money could induce me to repeat it. We remained at the mine three days and felt ourselves greatly indebted to Mr. Chambers. He explained everything about the mine and did all in his power to make our visit interesting.

After several months' stay in Salt Lake City, we decided to look over Oregon, Idaho, and Washington. We visited that part of Idaho known as the Cammus Prairies. Idaho is a very dry state, with little water for irrigation, but strange as it may seem, the Cammus Prairies, although surrounded by arid lands, have

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sufficient rainfall for growing crops. From Boise City we went over a large part of eastern Oregon, and stopped a week at Malhuer Lake, about one hundred and fifty miles from the Oregon Short Line railroad. Eastern Oregon, like Idaho, is very dry. This state had formerly voted land grants to assist in the construction of wagon roads. These land grants overlapped each other, running in many different directions, causing confusion in the titles to land. We next visited Walla Walla, and from there went over the Palouse country where the principal crop is wheat. That section is hilly and rough but very fertile. We saw big crops of wheat growing on land so rough and hilly that, to us, it seemed impossible to run a harvester over it. When the wheat was threshed it was hauled in sacks to the nearest railroad station and piled up in immense quantities on platforms made for this purpose, where it remained, with no covering to protect it, until it was loaded on cars for shipment to market. At that time, fine land, located fifty to seventy-five miles from Walla Walla, could be purchased at five to ten dollars an acre. From Walla Walla we went to Seattle, then a city of twenty thousand people. We were told that James J. Hill with the Great Northern railroad was doing everything possible to make Tacoma the metropolis of the Puget Sound country. Property was cheap in Seattle, and tide-water lands near the city, now worth millions, then were of little or no value. We visited Lake Washington, a beautiful body of fresh water, five miles from Seattle. At Tacoma we visited

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the mills and factories and found one saw mill that was turning out eight hundred thousand feet of lumber every twenty-four hours. Our visit was during the rainy season and for that reason neither Seattle nor Tacoma had any attractions for Governor Nance or myself. We next went to Salem, Oregon, and from there to Grays Harbor, Oregon. Here they informed us that the rainfall during three or four months of the rainy season was sometimes over one hundred inches. We then returned to Salt Lake City by way of San Francisco.

Drought and Panic

On my return to Nebraska, in 1890, I settled in Stromsburg, where, soon afterwards, I purchased the Farmers & Merchants Bank.

Nebraska had been favored with good crops and the price of land advanced to thirty-five and forty dollars an acre. In the year 1893 crops in Nebraska were almost totally destroyed by drought and hot winds. Then came the panic and financial stress, which paralyzed business. In 1894 Nebraska was doomed to have another crop failure. Farmers were obliged to ship in grain and even hay to feed their stock; many sacrificed their live stock by selling at very low prices. Some farmers shot their stock hogs to prevent their starving. Financial conditions grew worse and the entire state was almost in the grip of actual famine. Values were greatly reduced, merchants and banks failed. In Lincoln all banks with the exception of three went out of business or failed. Farmers could not

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Chancellor James H. Canfield, The University of Nebraska, 1891 to 1895.

Dr. Erwin Hinckley Barbour, Professor of Geology, State Geologist, and Curator of the Nebraska State Museum, The University of Nebraska.

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pay interest on their mortgages; land could not be sold at any price; foreclosure of mortgages was the general order. When these lands were offered for sale on foreclosures they were sold to owners of the mortgages. In the central and western sections of the state the price of land fell to almost nothing. In Custer County, a very large acreage went into the ownership of eastern real estate and loan companies. These lands were mortgaged for five hundred to seven hundred dollars on each one hundred and sixty acres. One eastern loan company offered to sell me forty quarter sections at two hundred dollars each. The crop for 1895 was almost a failure. The result was that all confidence in Nebraska real estate was gone. Trees which, in twenty years, had grown to one foot or more in diameter, died for want of moisture; in many places entire groves were killed. Good farm lands in Polk and other eastern counties sold as low as twenty-five hundred dollars for one hundred and sixty acres. Many of these farms had improvements thereon valued at fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. No one desired to purchase while almost everyone wished to sell. Many farmers who were out of debt at the beginning of the dry years, and who had declared that "no mortgage would ever be put on their land" were forced to mortgage to obtain food for their families and what live stock they had in the way of work-horses and cows and hogs. Nearly every family discussed daily the question of the impossibility of remaining in Nebraska and debated where it would be wise to go.

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Connection with the University of Nebraska

In 1890 I was elected a Regent of The University of Nebraska and in 1891 moved to Lincoln in order that my children might have the advantages offered by the State University. In 1893 I was elected president of the Board of Regents, which office I held until 1903.

My connection with the University gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with all professors and instructors connected with that institution. Professor Charles E. Bessey was Acting Chancellor; he was one of God's noblemen, always for peace and harmony. The position of Chancellor was neither sought by him nor was it agreeable to him. He often requested the Board of Regents to find another man for that position, so that he might return to his life work, botany.

In the year 1891, James H. Canfield, a professor in the University of Kansas, was made Chancellor. Though this was his first chancellorship Dr. Canfield was so very forceful, tactful, and energetic that he was marked for success from the outset. He was a dynamo in human form, a ready speaker, a good mixer, and soon made many friends for himself, as well as for the University. The institution grew rapidly under his administration and no Chancellor did more to unify the schools of the state and to popularize the University than Dr. Canfield. He was always courteous in the discharge of his duties as an executive, yet firm in his

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convictions. At the end of four years he was called to, and accepted, the presidency of the University of Ohio, afterwards he was made librarian of the Columbia University of New York City for life. We were always firm friends. I was in regular correspondence with him up to the time of his death.

Dr. George E. MacLean followed Dr. Canfield as Chancellor. He too was a real scholar, and a man of high ideals; his ambition was to make the University of Nebraska great, scholastically and numerically. Dr. MacLean was over-flowing with good fellowship towards all men. During his chancellorship he secured the passage of an act making an annual levy of one mill on the grand assessment roll of the state for University purposes. This was the greatest financial move made by any Chancellor for the institution. It took the University out of legislative politics, and as the grand assessment roll grows, the sum of money available for University work will grow. After four years' service, Chancellor MacLean accepted the presidency of the University of Iowa.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews was our next Chancellor. He already had a national reputation as one of the leading educators of the United States. His administration as Chancellor of the Nebraska State University was successful. The administration of the different chancellors, as named, covered the period of twelve years that I was a member of the Board of Regents.

My duties as president of the Board and resident

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Regent required many visits at the University and I became closely acquainted with J. S. Dales, secretary-treasurer of the University of Nebraska. His service as financial officer of the University began in 1875. During the many years that lack of funds was most distressing, the position occupied by Mr. Dales was a very difficult one. He performed his duties in a pleasant yet decided way; his accounts were always kept in plain form and were correct. Great credit is due him for his long and faithful work.

Many students of the University were greatly indebted to Miss Ellen Smith, the registrar. When students became delinquent, they were called to the office of the registrar and reminded, kindly but in no uncertain terms, of their remissness. After picturing the disgrace that would follow dismissal or suspension from classes, Miss Smith would encourage and assist the students. Many graduates have informed me that they never would have finished and received their degrees had not Miss Smith both awed and encouraged them.

If asked what office is especially desirable and honorable for a young man to hold, I should answer, to be a regent of a state university without pay for services. No man serving as Regent did as much to benefit the University of Nebraska as Charles H. Gere. In his capacity as editor of the *State Journal*, he always did everything possible for the best interests of the University. Mr. Gere was a man of fine scholarly training. He was absolutely sincere and firm in his

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THE BOARD OF REGENTS, THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, 1896. TOP ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, E. A. HADLEY, JUDGE J. S. DALES, CHARLES WESTON, DR. VICTOR ROSEWATER. BOTTOM ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, CHARLES W. KALEY, CHARLES H. MORRILL, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD, CHANCELLOR GEORGE E. MACLEAN, H. L. GOOLD.

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expressed opinions on all subjects. His judgment was sound on all questions. His friendship was always to be depended upon, and in fact, he was one of Nebraska's biggest and best citizens.

At the time of my first election there were four hundred students enrolled in University work; at the end of my twelve years' service there were nearly three thousand. The following named gentlemen served as members of the Board during my term of office:

Hon. Charles Weston, Hay Springs, Nebraska.
Hon. Henry D. Esterbrook, Omaha, Nebraska.
Hon. Charles W. Kaley, Red Cloud, Nebraska.
Hon. Charles H. Gere, Lincoln, Nebraska.
Hon. John Knight, Lees Park, Custer County, Nebraska.
Hon. Victor Rosewater, Omaha, Nebraska.
Hon. Wm. G. Whitmore, Valley, Nebraska.
Hon. J. B. Weston, Beatrice, Nebraska.

The Nebraska State Museum

Experience in northwestern Nebraska, as already narrated, aroused my interest in fossils, and in 1892 I became a patron of geology and paleontology in the University of Nebraska. For more than twenty years scientific expeditions, known as the Morrill Geological Expeditions, were sent out annually by the University to collect in Nebraska and adjoining states.

My work in connection with the Nebraska State Museum was not only interesting, but also very gratifying. My collection now fills two floors of the Museum

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and has gained the reputation of being the largest and best collection of fossils in the middle west. By 1915 the Charles Henry Morrill collection contained almost one hundred and fifty thousand individual specimens of all kinds; many of these are rare, some are new, and have given to the Museum and to Professor Barbour a world-wide reputation. The greater part of this material was taken from the fossil fields in northwestern Nebraska. The best fields, to date, were discovered at Agate on the ranch of Captain James H. Cook and his son Mr. Harold J. Cook, about twenty-five miles from Crawford, Nebraska. The Morrill Geological Expedition of 1892 was the first to visit and collect in this remarkable spot. Captain Cook is entitled to great credit for offering the University of Nebraska and other Universities free access to this land, and for aiding in every way possible the expeditions sent from the University. Most of the new fossils collected on these expeditions have been figured and published in Volumes One, Two, Three, Four, and Seven of the Nebraska Geological Survey. I am a firm believer that every man who has the good fortune to accumulate more than he needs to give his family and himself the comforts of life, owes to his fellow men and to his community a debt that he should pay by contributing something for the future benefit of that community. In doing this while I am still alive, I have had the satisfaction of seeing for myself something of the good that was being accomplished. This has fully repaid me for whatever I have contributed to the cause of science

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and for the interest I have taken in the up-building of the University Museum.

Business and Politics

In the year 1894 I was chosen chairman of the Republican State Central committee. During the campaign William McKinley came to the State. I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance, and he invited me to accompany him to Kansas. We went to Wichita, where he was to speak. There we met Governor Edmund N. Morrill, who, at that time, was Governor of Kansas. As shown by the genealogy of the Morrills, he is a distant relative of mine. I was very much impressed with McKinley, and also with the speech he made. His clear voice reached the entire audience. Everyone was impressed with his sincerity, and his speech was very convincing to all who were fortunate enough to hear it. His argument on the tariff was to the effect that the prosperity of the American people, especially of the American laboring man, depended largely upon just and equitable tariff laws.

It was during this campaign that the first Populist Governor of Nebraska was elected. The drought and hard times had made the farmers dissatisfied. They seemed to be in the mood of "anything for a change." To add to the discomfiture of the Republicans, the *Omaha Bee*, a Republican paper of great influence in the State, refused to support Thomas Majors, the nominee of the Republicans for Governor. Silas Holcomb, the Populist nominee, was elected by a

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majority of about ten thousand. All other nominees on the Republican ticket were elected. Among that number was Joseph Bartley, elected to the position of state treasurer.

During this campaign vicious attacks were made on the policy pursued by the railroads in Nebraska, especially on the custom then prevailing of granting an almost unlimited number of passes, not only to political friends but also to political enemies, hoping thereby to modify their aggressive acts towards the transportation companies.

In the latter part of 1894 I was chosen by the Nebraska Republican State Convention as a member of the Republican National Committee, for a term of four years.

In 1895 I was appointed receiver of the Nebraska Savings Bank. This bank had a capital of fifty thousand, and deposits amounting to about one hundred thousand dollars. The assets became nearly worthless through the shrinkage of values and because many borrowers left the State. In north Lincoln, a suburb, where the Savings Bank had made many loans, there were about two hundred houses and several business blocks, nearly all vacant. Windows and doors disappeared one by one, and much of the lumber was carried away. It was impossible to obtain tenants to occupy these buildings rent free. The owners of these houses, seeing that they were being destroyed, sold them for whatever they could get. Many houses costing from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars

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Colonel W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill." Taken in Rome, Italy, March 28, 1906.

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were sold for a hundred dollars each and the purchaser moved them away to some other locality. In the city of Lincoln at that time the streets were mostly paved with cedar blocks, which, owing to neglect and decay, were in such a dilapidated condition that it was unsafe to drive upon them. Many business blocks were vacant and all hotels were financially embarrassed. Even the wooden sidewalks in the suburbs were carried off; taxes were unpaid on all outside and on much inside property. Conditions were no worse in Lincoln [illegible] Kansas. Topeka was in a

ERRATUM:

The statement on this page that "In the fall of 1892 the First National Bank was purchased by the American Exchange Bank of Lincoln" is incorrect. The statement should have been as follows:

In the fall of 1892 the First National Bank was consolidated with the Lincoln National Bank, and continued under the name of the First National Bank and under the management of N. S. Harwood and F. M. Cook. as President and Cashier, respectively. Mr. S. H. Burnham bought the First National Bank in May, 1899.

utmost capacity. It was the opinion [illegible] informed people, that the loss brought about by a failure of the First National Bank would oblige many other banks to suspend business.

In the year 1896 Charles E. Perkins, president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, requested me to come to Burlington, Iowa, for a conference with him. He informed me that he was a stockholder and a director of the First National Bank of Lincoln, and

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were sold for a hundred dollars each and the purchaser moved them away to some other locality. In the city of Lincoln at that time the streets were mostly paved with cedar blocks, which, owing to neglect and decay, were in such a dilapidated condition that it was unsafe to drive upon them. Many business blocks were vacant and all hotels were financially embarrassed. Even the wooden sidewalks in the suburbs were carried off; taxes were unpaid on all outside and on much inside property. Conditions were no worse in Lincoln than in many towns in Kansas. Topeka was in a worse condition perhaps than Lincoln.

In the fall of 1892 the First National Bank was purchased by the American Exchange Bank of Lincoln.

The First National Bank was the largest bank in Lincoln and the largest in the South Platte country. Many other banks in this territory were correspondents of, and had most of their reserve in, this bank. For three years, times had been so hard and deposits in all banks had decreased to such an extent that all country, as well as city banks in Nebraska were strained to their utmost capacity. It was the opinion of most well-informed people, that the loss brought about by a failure of the First National Bank would oblige many other banks to suspend business.

In the year 1896 Charles E. Perkins, president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, requested me to come to Burlington, Iowa, for a conference with him. He informed me that he was a stockholder and a director of the First National Bank of Lincoln, and

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had been informed that the bank was in bad condition. He requested that I examine the assets of the bank. It was agreed that a statement of bills receivable and other assets should be submitted to me. After going over these assets I submitted my report to Mr. Perkins. It showed there were about one million dollars worth of assets that could not legally be carried by the bank, under the national banking laws. These consisted of worthless paper, paper past due, and real estate. The report also showed that over five hundred thousand dollars worth of bills receivable were worthless, and that the signers of the notes had become bankrupt. Mr. Perkins was the owner of but ten thousand dollars worth of this bank stock, his entire liability, in case of a failure, being ten thousand dollars, while the total capital stock was four hundred thousand dollars. Already an assessment of fifty per cent had been made on the stock, which was paid by the stockholders. Many of the stockholders had lost nearly all their savings on account of drought, panic, and general business depression, and it was impossible for them to pay another assessment. It was evident that the bank must fail unless some man, strong financially, came to the rescue. After considering my report Mr. Perkins said to me, "Morrill, no man has ever lost one dollar by reason of being encouraged by me to invest in any business. I am a director in this bank. I do not know how many people may have deposited in the bank on that account, but I presume many have done so. You say there will be over five hundred thousand dollars

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absolutely lost and that it will take one million dollars to make the bank sound. I have made up my mind to assume this responsibility alone, if none of the stockholders will join me in the task. I cannot possibly raise one million dollars at once in these hard times, but I will send two hundred and fifty thousand in a very short time with which to begin the work of weeding out bad assets." This seemed to me to be an impossible task for anyone to accomplish at a time when all banks were refusing to make loans. Mr. Perkins afterward informed me that in order to raise this money he was forced to sell his very best securities at a great loss. Most men are inclined to be honestly considerate of the interests of others when their own interests are not attacked, but when they conclude that their interests will suffer they are likely to be as ruthless with the rights of others as they dare. The course taken by Mr. Perkins showed that he practically set aside or refused to be influenced by any personal interests in this matter. He at once formed the Boston Investment Company, a corporation with one million dollars capital, to take over the bad assets and to replace with cash the amount so taken out of the bank. He was the only stockholder in the company of which I was afterwards made president and C. J. Ernst, secretary and treasurer.

From this time my duties consisted in dealing with the wreckage taken from the First National Bank, collecting whatever could be collected and taking over real estate pledged as security to the bank. The real

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estate was located in many different counties in Nebraska and in other states. During the first eighteen months after Mr. Perkins decided to put the bank into a sound financial condition, he sent to me, as president of the Boston Investment Company, eleven hundred thousand dollars, all of which was used as above stated. After putting these matters in the best possible condition, my time was occupied in attending to the affairs of the Lincoln Land Company and other land companies with which I was connected. Mr. Perkins, by his personal assistance and from his private resources, not only saved the First National Bank of Lincoln, in which his interests were relatively small, but he also prevented a far-reaching financial disaster in Nebraska.

I remained president of the Boston Investment Company until 1912. As above stated all business connected with the liquidation of accounts of the First National Bank and replacing same with cash received from Mr. Perkins, was done through this company. After deducting the amount realized by the advance in real estate coming from the assets of the bank, the net total loss, including interest on the money advanced by Mr. Perkins, exceeded one million dollars. Mr. Perkins was a man of high purpose. He had great ambitions. His mind seemed to solve the most complicated problems. His knowledge of men and the manner in which they were influenced was most unusual. This insight extended to all branches of business, including governmental affairs. He seemed

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One of Colonel Cody's "Picture Camps" on His T. E. Ranch, Fifty Miles West of Cody, Wyoming.
By Irving R. Bacon.

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to have the power to read men, seldom making a mistake. When I requested a letter of introduction to some of his eastern friends, from whom I desired to purchase land for the Lincoln Land Company, a corporation in which he was the largest stockholder, he refused, saying, "These people are friends of mine. They would ask my advice and I should tell them that, in my opinion, this is not the time to sell."

Under President Perkins the Burlington never issued a gold bond. He declared it was not honest for the Burlington to promise payment in gold when, under the law, all payments could be made in the lawful money of the country.

The lives and work of such men should be published as an inspiration and guide to the young men of the future.

Nebraska had a successful crop in 1896 and the State began to recover from the terrible disaster brought about by successive crop failures and panic. During this year I was elected president of the Lincoln Land Company, better known as the Burlington Railroad Townsite Company; also president of the South Platte Land Company, which was another Burlington townsite company. These two companies had a paid up capital of six hundred thousand dollars; their headquarters were in Lincoln. At that time I was also president of the Boston Investment Company, and president of the Lancaster Land Company. Mr. Perkins was in control of all these companies with the exception of the Lancaster Land Company.

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Morrill County

In the year 1908 the Nebraska State Legislature passed an act providing for the division of Cheyenne county. The county was divided by vote, the line of division running east and west a few miles south of the town of Bridgeport. By vote the part north of the division line was called "Morrill" county in my honor. An election was called by the Governor of the State to decide the location of the county seat and also to elect officers for the new county. The following is a copy of the Governor's proclamation:

PROCLAMATION

"Whereas, The Secretary of State has notified me that at the general election held on November 3, 1908, a new county, known as Morrill County was erected or established out of part of the territory of Cheyenne County, Nebraska:

Now, therefore, by virtue of the authority in me vested and in pursuance of the statutes of the State of Nebraska, I do hereby order an election of county officers for the new County of Morrill, Nebraska, which said election shall be held on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of December, 1908. Notice of said election shall be given by publishing a notice thereof in the Bayard Transcript and Bridgeport Blade, newspapers published and in general circulation in said new County of Morrill, for two consecutive weeks prior to said election, and by posting notices in three conspicuous places in the new County of Morrill. The county officers to be elected at said election shall be one county treasurer, one county clerk, one county judge, one sheriff, one county attorney, one county assessor, one coroner, one county surveyor, one county superintendent of public instruction,

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and three county commissioners. At such election, the voters of the county shall determine the permanent location of the county seat; for this purpose each voter may designate on his ballot the place of his choice for the county seat. The voting places of all of the various precincts in said new County of Morrill shall be the same as they were at the last general election except the voters in that part of Trognitz precinct and the west half of Davison precinct embraced in said new county shall vote at the voting place of Redington precinct, and the voters of that part of the east half of Davison precinct and Union Valley precinct included in said new county shall vote at the voting place in Court House Rock precinct.

By virtue of the authority in me vested and in pursuance of the statutes of the State of Nebraska, I hereby designate Bridgeport, in Morrill County, Nebraska, as the temporary county seat until the permanent county seat is located at an election by the electors of said county, and I hereby declare Bridgeport as the temporary county seat of said Morrill County, Nebraska.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Nebraska.

Done at Lincoln this 12th day of November, A.D. 1908.

[Seal.]

George Lawson Sheldon, Governor.

By the Governor.

Geo. C. Junkin, Secretary of State.

At the election it was decided that Bridgeport should be the future county seat. Morrill County is to a large degree still undeveloped. The land is very fertile and when once under cultivation produces alfalfa, sugar beets, and other crops in abundance. Irrigation projects now under construction, when

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completed, will make possible the farming of large areas in this county. Both Bridgeport and Bayard are live, growing towns. Bridgeport is a division station of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroad. At Bayard there is a sugar factory now under construction. Morrill County is sure to become one of the best and most productive counties in the State. All counties and towns along the North Platte River will, in the near future, become prominent in the history of Nebraska. The town of Morrill located in the western part of Scottsbluff County was also named in my honor.

Colonel Cody

On one of my trips to the Big Horn Basin in company with Mr. T. E. Calvert, we met General Nelson A. Miles of the United States army, and Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). They had just returned to Cody, Wyoming, from a trip up the southern fork of the Shoshone River, where they had been spending a vacation at Colonel Cody's hunting preserves, known as the T. E. ranch. This ranch was located about fifty miles west of the town of Cody, very near the border line of Yellowstone Park. The mountains on either side of the Shoshone River are lofty and come close together, and it is a rugged and wonderfully picturesque place. To see the sky one must look almost straight up. In all my travels I have never seen a mountain ranch with so many attractions. General Miles had, during different Indian wars, traversed this entire country many times. We had the pleasure of dining

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THE FAMILY OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. MORRILL, IN THE ORDER OF SENIORITY: CHARLES ALBERT MORRILL (RIGHT), ARTHUR CURRIER MORRILL (LEFT), EDGAR LAMPERY MORRILL, AND MINNIE HARRIET MORRILL. PHOTOGRAPHED 1906.

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with these two gentlemen, and of listening to many stories describing past experiences in or near this locality. They had had many adventures and narrow escapes. General Miles stated that in this part of Wyoming Indian skeletons had been found seven and one-half feet in length.

Colonel Cody was a natural-born entertainer and story teller. He had a very graphic and interesting way of relating his participation in Indian battles and as United States scout during the Indian wars. The town of Cody, at this time, had very few people; less than one hundred as I was informed. There were five saloons. The ranch owners and cowboys came to Cody to do their trading, and shooting up the town was a favorite pastime. There was very little irrigation in the Big Horn country and the nearest railroad point was Billings, about one hundred miles distant.

On this trip Mr. Calvert and myself were chosen by the Burlington railroad officials to drive over the country and report on general conditions, so that it might be determined whether or not it was the proper time to construct a line of railroad into the territory. We traveled together for thirty days, driving to nearly every part of the Big Horn Basin.

Mr. Calvert was a most agreeable, scholarly and pleasant companion, always ready to sacrifice his own personal comforts for the benefit of his associates. For twenty years we traveled over prospective railroad lines. I am proud to say that he was always one of my very best friends. No citizen of the West has done

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more towards its upbuilding. During the years in which he was an official of the Burlington, he was the real pioneer, sent in advance to inspect new territory for projected lines.

He was graduated in the Yale Scientific School in 1870, and after doing post-graduate work for the major part of a year, began his engineering career with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company in April, 1871. His services have been continuous since that date. He was appointed general superintendent and engineer in 1886, and in 1904 was promoted to chief engineer of the entire Burlington system. Under his able management, this road grew rapidly from 70 to 5,000 miles. (Mr. Calvert died January 12, 1917.)

Another of my traveling companions was Colonel H. B. Scott of Burlington, Iowa. Together we made many extended trips to inspect lands in Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, with the intention of purchasing. These lands were always located on the extreme frontier and as it was often difficult to get transportation, we walked together for many hundreds of miles, and he proved to be a most congenial and trustworthy companion. He was always sanguine, and believed in the possibilities of the Great West. His happy temperament, pleasing stories, and general cheer robbed hard tramps of their tedium.

On my different return trips through Montana and Wyoming, I often stopped at the Crow Indian Agency which is located about half way between Sheridan,

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Wyoming and Billings, Montana. In 1876 the Crow Indians were located near Fort Robinson, Nebraska. At that time they numbered about five thousand, but in 1912 there were less than two thousand. The Government established schools at the Crow Agency and endeavored to educate the Indians, as well as to help them by teaching them how to farm. Teachers in Indian schools informed me that they were obliged to separate the sexes. In order to control young Indians, the boys and girls must be kept apart until they reached an age suitable for marriage. Before leaving the care of the Government and their teachers, the young squaws, with the consent of their parents, were generally married to young Indian men.

I traded with the Crow Indians many times for gewgaws of Indian work, which I afterwards placed in the University Museum. About this time I purchased a collection of Indian relics containing about two thousand specimens. This collection is loaned to the Nebraska State Historical Society and is on exhibition in its Museum on the University campus.

The Crow Indians have made very little progress in agriculture, for what they receive from the Government is sufficient to support them in idleness. The young Indians are generally indolent and their land remains uncultivated. It seems to be their highest ambition to own a pony and ride from one Indian camp to another. Indians refuse to dwell in houses and where the Government has constructed cottages for them they are used as stables for their horses while

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the Indians live in tepees or tents near by. If an Indian is sick or dies in one of these tents it is immediately removed to another location to prevent other sickness or death. It is a tradition among them that sickness and death is the work of the "Evil One" and that the ground where a person dies is cursed. This explains why the Indians refuse to live in houses, as the removal of the same would be difficult and often impossible.

I have often seen Indian men at the Agency painted from head to feet in different colors and without clothing. They seem to delight in decorating their bodies with paint, with strings of beads about their necks, enormous rings attached to their ears, and heavy brass bracelets about their wrists. The stomach of an Indian seems to digest food that would nauseate a white man; they relish meat that has turned green with decay, they eat the entrails of animals that have been dead several days, and they seem to thrive on an all meat diet, even without salt.

After living among the Indians for more than three years I have come to believe that the efforts of the Government to educate them have, to a very large degree, been a failure. This is the conclusion of most men who have lived among them.

On one of my trips in company with Mr. T. E. Calvert, we stopped overnight at a roadhouse called "Eagle's Nest," on the Shoshone River. When we arrived it was quite late in the evening and supper was over. We informed the proprietress that we had driven

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Mr. Charles Albert Morrill and Mrs. Marcella Jeanie Benster Morrill, With Their Two Sons, Charles Henry Morrill (Right), and Ralph Wilber Morrill (Left). Photographed in 1916.

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all day with only a light lunch and therefore were very hungry. She answered, "I am done tired out. Last night there was a dance in Cody. There were only ten women and forty men. We danced all night and the men nearly danced us women to death. Then we drove home. To-day I got dinner for thirty and supper for twenty-two, and I tell you, Mister, living way out here is not what it is 'cracked up to be.'" After we had jollied her about her experience at the dance she got good natured, killed two chickens and prepared a fine supper. Cody was thirty miles distant and it was evident that life, even on the frontier, is sometimes quite strenuous.

One of the most pathetic scenes brought to my notice during my travels was the death and burial of a young girl, six years of age. This was in the Big Horn Basin, about one hundred and twenty miles from Billings, and thirty miles from Cody, Wyoming. Her death was the result of malignant pneumonia. There was no undertaker nearer than Billings and no place nearer than Cody where a coffin or lumber could be purchased. One of the neighbors took a door from his house and made a coffin. The women came in with their old black dresses and from these the coffin was covered. It was winter and there were no flowers so they took artificial flowers from their hats, with which to decorate the inside of the casket. One of the women delivered the funeral address. The whole scene was so touching that it can never be forgotten.

In contrast to the above, I remember attending a

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dance in Cody. A general invitation was extended to everybody. I met a rancher who came sixty miles solely to attend this dance, bringing with him a wagon-load of people consisting of five members of his own family and five of his neighbor's. When I expressed my surprise he said, "Before coming here six years ago, we resided in Boston, Massachussetts. We like it here, but now and then we hanker for a touch of high life, so I came over with the family."

While traveling down the Shoshone River some miles below where Garland is now located, I went to a house about one mile off the main road to get a fresh supply of water. This was the only house for several miles around and the following conversation took place, between a young man, about twenty years of age, and myself:

"Is this your claim?"

"No, sir, it belongs to my father and two older brothers. We have four hundred and eighty acres."

"How long have you been here?"

"Eight years."

"You have no water for irrigation I see."

"No, sir, we are waiting for water. It must be taken out of the river several miles above and it will cost a lot of money, so we must wait until settlers come in to help do the work."

"Do you grow anything?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"Have you any stock?"

"Yes, sir, we have four horses and four cows."

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"How much of a family is there?"

"There are nine in all."

"Where is your father?"

"He has been sick in bed for five years. Three of my older brothers work out, herding sheep. They each make fifty dollars a month. I work out, but one of us older boys must stay at home to keep things steady and shoot the coyotes. You see mother and the children are skeery and one of us older boys must be at home to keep their heads level. When we boys work out we send home all of our money in order to keep the family going."

"When do you expect to get water for irrigation so that you can grow crops?"

"Why, in four or five years sure. This is fine, good land and after staying here eight years we can't afford to give it up."

Four years after this conversation I called at the same place. They then had water for irrigation, after being on the land for ten years, and they had about three hundred acres under cultivation. Since my first visit the father had died. The family appeared to be comfortable and prosperous. At the present writing the value of this farm of four hundred and eighty acres is about forty thousand dollars.

About the time the Burlington completed its line as far as Cody, Wyoming, I was visiting Colonel Cody, for whom the town was named. I asked him to tell me about his early experiences on the western plains. He told me the following as nearly as I can recall it:

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"At twelve years' of age I left home and joined an overland freighting outfit for which, as water boy and general roustabout, I worked for my board. I was soon able to drive a freight wagon drawn by four span of mules. I rode the near wheel mule, guiding the team with one line attached to the near lead mule. I made many trips between Omaha and Denver. On these journeys we always expected trouble from the Indians. Reports of massacres of freighters and pioneer settlers were of daily occurrence. When, in after years, the construction of the Kansas Pacific railroad was in progress, the contractors found it very difficult to obtain a supply of fresh meat for their different camps strung along the route for many miles. Buffalo were plenty in those days. I agreed to supply buffalo meat to all contractors, and after much parleying and doubt on their part as to my ability to supply it in sufficient quantities, I at last succeeded in closing a contract. I employed a gang of rough riders, who were familiar with buffalo hunting, and we had no trouble in supplying all the meat the different camps could consume. It was while in this work that I was dubbed 'Buffalo Bill.'

"After the completion of the Kansas Pacific I returned to the freighting business, and later began ranching near the city of North Platte, Nebraska. It was about this time I had an idea that I could successfully organize and run a show. My plan was to depict life on the frontier to eastern people, and to illustrate some of the dangers and sacrifices made by

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Mr. Arthur Currier Morrill, Mrs. Margaret Marie De Lashmutt Morrill, and Their Children, Julia Minnie Morrill, and Arthur De Lashmutt Morrill, Stromsburg, Nebraska. Photographed 1916.

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the early pioneers of the West. My first show was put on at Omaha. It was as successful as small shows generally were at that time, but was not a financial success.

"As time went on, the Indians became more daring and raids became more and more frequent. I was often called upon by settlers and by United States army officials to assist as a scout in tracking and punishing the Indians concerned in depredations. When the Civil War broke out I enlisted in a Nebraska regiment. After my discharge from the army I was elected a member of the Nebraska State Legislature. During the Indian war that resulted in the Custer massacre, I was chief of scouts under General Nelson Miles. I assisted in the capture of Sitting Bull, and in bringing at least twenty thousand Indians, of different tribes, to Fort Robinson and Fort Laramie.

"When I organized the Wild West Show, Nathan Salsbury and I were sole owners. Later we sold a one-half interest to Barnum and Bailey. It requires a large amount of money to run a show like the Wild West. At that time we employed about five hundred men and women. It required five hundred horses to haul our wagons to the show-grounds, on parade, and for the different acts. We had sleeping tents and accommodations for feeding all our employees and live stock. It took two trains of freight cars to haul the show from town to town. When we showed in a small place like York, Nebraska, it was necessary to make provision two weeks in advance for bread and

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for hay. We generally contracted for three thousand loaves of bread, this being our average daily consumption. Our daily expense was something over three thousand dollars. Our income depended upon the weather and other factors generally beyond our control. All the events in a show are scheduled to come off at an exact time; the parade starts and the show opens at a certain hour, and each act starts on time. When you consider the number of people and horses that participate in the various maneuvers, you will get an idea of the responsibility that goes with a show business, which moves fifty to two hundred miles every twenty-four hours.

"I conducted the show for many years. During that time we twice took the outfit to Europe. While in England I became intimately acquainted with Edward, then Prince of Wales, afterwards King of England. The diamond pennant you see on my coat was a present from him. While I was in London Queen Victoria requested me to present the show near Windsor Castle. This I was delighted to do and received many compliments from the Queen.

"The medal I wear was voted by the United States Congress in recognition of my services in different Indian wars.

"I have been intensely interested in the development of this section of Wyoming for several years, and have been instrumental in having constructed south of Cody an irrigation ditch of sufficient capacity to furnish water for the irrigation of thirty thousand

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acres. I also hold a permit from the State of Wyoming to construct a high line ditch that will furnish water for the irrigation of seventy-five thousand acres of land on the north side of the Shoshone River, running from Rattle Snake Mountain east to the Mormon settlement at Cowley. I expect to use this water to develop gold mining claims which I hold, located in the valley east of Eagle's Nest. With the immense water power developed, we will generate electrical power to be used in manufacturing and we will very likely run an electric car line to Sunlight Mining Camp, about one hundred miles northwest of Cody."

In response to my suggestion that he had made a great deal of money, he replied, "Yes, the show has always been a big money maker. In some of our best years the total net profit has been fully one million dollars. Nathan Salsbury has saved his money while I have spent all of my share in trying to develop the West and in assisting my friends. When Nathan Salsbury dies the newspapers will say, 'He, in company with Colonel W. F. Cody, started the Wild West, which they ran successfully for many years' and that Salsbury 'leaves a fortune of two or three million dollars.' I have very different ideas from Mr. Salsbury in regard to the proper use of money. When I die I hope to be buried on Cedar Mountain, just west of and adjoining the town of Cody. On my monument I want the following inscription: 'Here lies Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). During his life he made millions, which he endeavored to expend in making

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life easier for his fellow men. He died leaving an estate consisting solely of good wishes toward all men.' "

On several occasions, in company with Colonel Cody, I had the pleasure of visiting his T. E. ranch, located fifty miles southwest of the town of Cody on the south fork of the Shoshone River, and very near the south line of Yellowstone Park. The altitude at this point is six thousand to eight thousand feet. The mountains rise abruptly on both sides of the river, towering several hundred feet above the valley. To see the sky one must look nearly straight up. The river runs very swiftly and waterfalls occur every few rods. Issuewood Creek comes rushing down the mountains from the north, laughing so boisterously that the woods are filled with echoes of its merry songs. On the side of the mountain, many hundred feet above, we often saw herds of mountain sheep feeding. Both the river and Issuewood Creek abound with mountain trout. The ranch buildings are located in a beautiful grove of tall pines which never cease singing their songs of welcome to the Colonel and his many friends. The ranch consists of about one thousand acres, which have been sown to grasses of various kinds, and wild flowers abound in many varieties. There was a herd of five hundred head of fine Hereford cattle, and a herd of two thousand horses running in the valley farther down the river. I remember well when Colonel Cody phoned to his superintendent for horses and was informed that they were all out on the range. The

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Dr. Edgar Lampery Morrill, Mrs. Julia Daisy Miner Morrill and Their Sons, Edgar Miner Morrill (Left), and James Raymond Morrill (Right). Photographed in 1916.

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Colonel looked at me for a moment and said, "Two thousand horses, and yet I must walk."

Every year, late in November, the Colonel went into the mountains to hunt big game. The hunting camp was always located just above the snow line, since elk and deer seem to prefer a snow-clad country for their home. Daily they go below the snow line to feed, and as the snow creeps up or down the mountainside, they move their headquarters. Colonel Cody named these camping grounds "Picture Camps." Several weeks prior to the time set for the hunt, a party of hunters was sent out to choose sites and establish camp for that season. The men of this party were picked mountaineers, hunters, and story tellers. They pitched a sufficient number of tents to accommodate thirty to fifty people, and as soon as the camp was completed they began to hunt for game. The Colonel, each year, invited a number of his friends to accompany him, and to each guest he presented a fine silver-mounted Spencer sporting rifle. I was fortunate enough to be one of the guests.

When we arrived at camp there were, hanging on limbs of trees, near the tents, three elk, four deer, two black bear, and numerous varieties of smaller wild game. The noted Indian Chief Iron Tail, and several of his tribe were there, all painted and dressed in war costumes. The Indians were invited to assist in making a real "picture camp."

Each day many of the party went on a hunt and at night we all sat around the camp fires and listened to

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hair raising tales told by participants in Indian battles of fights with gangs of horse thieves which at one time infested the country. Big game was always plentiful. Each of these hunting expeditions cost several thousand dollars, and many noted men were among the guests.

One evening Colonel Cody, who was a natural entertainer and story teller, related the following: "When I was Chief of the United States Scouts under General Miles, we were having a lot of trouble with the Indians in the country north of where Red Lodge, Montana, is now located. General Miles ordered me to take a squad of soldiers and go south fifty or one hundred miles to try to locate bands of hostile Indians that infested the country. We rode all day and in some way I lost my bearings and missed a small stream where we had expected to water our horses and replenish our canteens. Darkness came on but we could not stop until we reached water. About ten o'clock we saw a dim light glimmering in the distance. As we were fully seventy-five miles from any settlement I felt sure this indicated an encampment of Indians. Therefore water must be nearby, and we determined to cautiously approach. The night was very dark, and our only guide was the small light. I soon concluded it was not an Indian camp. As we drew nearer we could see the dim outlines of a small log house. There was one small window through which the light was shining. We held a conference and determined that with one other man I should go near enough to look inside. The house had but one room, in the center of

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which was a table. In the middle of the table sat a woman and around it were seven men. They were playing poker and the woman seemed to be the chief spokesman. We held another consultation and concluded it was headquarters for a band of horse thieves. These men were more desperate fighters than the Indians. As we were almost famished for water we decided to take desperate chances. We separated a few feet, each man had his gun ready for action. I shouted 'Hello, hello.' Instantly the light went out. I continued to shout, 'Hello friends, Buffalo Bill, and friends.' After waiting a few moments someone answered, 'Who are you, and what the hell do you want?' I answered, 'It is Buffalo Bill and his party. We have been chasing Indians, have lost our way, and are all out of water. For God's sake help us out.' Soon the answer came back, 'We know Buffalo Bill. Send him to our cabin and if you are friends we'll do you no harm.' The woman was a sporting character known as 'Calamity Jane.' The men were all noted horse thieves. They all assisted in preparing supper for our hungry crowd. In the morning we started north to join General Miles' command."

During the construction of the North Platte Valley line of the Burlington railroad, I spent a large portion of my time in that section of Nebraska. Mr. John Orr, Mr. William H. Wright of Scottsbluff, Mr. Joseph Wiley and Mr. Jack Hunting of old Fort Laramie, Wyoming, all early pioneers, seemed to be the best informed about the early history of that part of

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Nebraska and Wyoming. Mr. Wright was one of the pioneers in developing irrigation in the valley. With eastern friends he purchased the water rights and franchise of the Farmers' Canal, and it was the plan to at once extend this canal eastward many miles in order to provide water for the irrigation of fifty thousand acres of land, now known as the Tri-State lands. Hard times in the nineties prevented the completion of the work. Most of the settlers abandoned their lands, since without irrigation they were counted worthless for agricultural purposes. Gering was, at this time, the only town on the North Platte River in Nebraska west of North Platte city, and Fort Laramie the only town on the North Platte in Wyoming, east of Douglas. Fort Laramie was at one time a United States military post. It is located on the North Platte River at the mouth of the Laramie River, about forty miles west of the Nebraska-Wyoming state line.

From 1849 to 1860 the Indians on the frontier were continually at war with settlers. There was an overland wagon road running up through the North Platte valley to Denver. The Indians harassed and murdered freighters and others who were on their way to the goldfields of Colorado, or who were seeking homes along this route. Mr. Jack Hunting of Fort Laramie was a participant in many Indian battles. He is more familiar with the history of that section and with the acts of violence committed by the Indians than any man I have met. Mr. Charles Guernsey of Guernsey, Wyoming, who is largely interested in the Sunrise

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Minnie Harriet Morrill, Stromsburg, Nebraska
1916

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iron mines at Sunrise, a few miles north of Guernsey, is also well informed concerning the early history of that section. I have spent many pleasant days with him.

At the time the Burlington railroad was being constructed, land in the North Platte valley already under irrigation was offered for sale at prices varying from five to twenty dollars an acre, including water rights. Unirrigated land farther back, could be purchased at that time for a dollar and a quarter to five dollars an acre. I refused to purchase, for the sum of two thousand dollars, twelve hundred and eighty acres of land located north of the town of Morrill, Scottsbluff County, on what is known as the Dutch Flats. Six years later this land sold for forty to fifty dollars an acre, while at this writing with paid up water rights, it has a value of one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. When I purchased land for the townsite of Scottsbluff in the year 1898, the price paid was fifteen dollars an acre. There was only one house, a "soddy," on the tract. Since Gering, the county seat, was located across the river only three miles away, it seemed impossible to establish and develop a town of any size on this new site. Gering was then well-established with every line of commercial business well represented. However, in 1916 Scottsbluff had between five and six thousand inhabitants, also a million dollar beet sugar factory. There was paid to the farmers in that vicinity in the year 1915, for sugar beets alone, the sum of one and a half million dollars. A second

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beet sugar factory is now being constructed just across the river at Gering. Other factories are planned for the near future.

A Trip to Mexico

In the year 1903 accompanied by my wife and daughter Minnie, we visited Old Mexico. On our way we stopped for a month in El Paso, Texas. A large number of Mexicans lived there. A municipal election took place during our stay in El Paso. There was no Republican ticket and the Democrats were divided into two factions. These differed very little, except in the question of leadership. The contest was really a squabble to decide which leader or leaders should run the city. Mexicans were brought from the city of Juarez on the opposite side of the Rio Grande River, by both factions. These Mexicans voted according to instructions. Neither side challenged votes nor made any objections to votes cast by these Mexican refugees. The day after election these Mexican voters gathered at the headquarters of each political faction to receive pay for their votes. There were several hundred Mexicans at each headquarters, and as their names were called they went to an open window, where each man received two dollars in Mexican money for the vote he had cast the day before.

Among the Mexicans waiting for pay there was a large number of negroes. I selected one of the brightest looking among them and asked him what was the cause of such a gathering. He replied, "Why, sir,

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we want pay for our votes, that's what we're here for." I then asked him if he really sold his vote. He replied, "Well, not exactly, but you see, sir, I is a man with a family and they all must eat and two dollars buys a lot, sir." I then told him that I had been a Union soldier and had helped fight to free the negro from slavery, and that I was very much disappointed to see him selling his vote, especially when he sold it to the Democratic party, the party that had fought to keep him in slavery. I asked him if all the negroes sold their votes. He answered, "Yes, sir, you see we need the money." Neither the Mexicans nor the negroes seemed to have any idea about the responsibility of citizenship or the wrong done in selling their votes.

At Juarez we attended several bull fights. The Mexicans attended in great numbers and seemed to be as much interested in the sport as Americans are in baseball or football.

From El Paso we went to Mexico City, where we stopped at the Iterbede Hotel. As few Mexicans can speak English, we found it very difficult to get information sufficient to find the places of historical interest. We visited the museums, saw the immense sacrificial stones used by the Aztec Indians in their sacrificial ceremonies, and many other exhibits that showed something of the civilization among the different Indian tribes at the time of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez.

I was informed by the authorities in the City of

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Mexico, that the population of Mexico was divided into three classes as follows: Forty per cent mixed Indian, Aztec, and Spanish; forty per cent plain Indian; fifteen per cent of white descent; five per cent of foreign nationality.

These simple-minded, primitive people seem entirely incapable of self-government. A handful of pure-blooded Spaniards with a few Mexicans own all the land in enormous haciendas. It is said that the inhabitants of Mexico speak fifty different languages.

While in Mexico City I had the pleasure of meeting President Diaz for a few moments. This favor was obtained for me by one of the officials of the Mexican National railroad, who went with me to Chapultepec. This place is located about five miles from Mexico City and here President Diaz had his residence and official headquarters. The National Academy is located at Chapultepec.

I also visited Guadalupe. This is one of the oldest and most interesting missions in Old Mexico. My attention was attacted to a number of Mexican women, who surrounded an old well like Jacob's well. These women were drawing water in urn-like vessels which were carried on their heads in a manner similar to that used by the women of Samaria, as seen in illustrations of old Biblical times. One of the shrines, worshipped by these devoted Catholics, is located on the top of a very high hill, and is called the "Shrine of the Lady of Guadalupe." This little city was formerly a great Aztec stronghold. The temple on the hill was erected

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THE MER DE GLACE WITH MR. CHARLES H. MORRILL WAVING A HANDKERCHIEF AT POINT INDICATED BY X. SWITZERLAND, 1909.

HOME OF CHARLES H. MORRILL, CORNER OF SEVENTEENTH AND "J" STREETS, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

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in 1692. Tradition says that at about this time the Lady of Guadalupe appeared on the present site, with a halo about her head, showing that she had come direct from Heaven. This temple represents the wealth and splendor of Mexico and the shrine of the Lady of Guadalupe is the holiest in all Mexico. We saw old women crawling up the hill on their knees to visit this shrine. In the City of Mexico, on Sundays, we saw hundreds of well-dressed women kneel on the opposite side of the street from the Church and drag themselves and their garments through the dust and dirt across the street, up the church aisles to the altar, where they did penance for sins they had committed.

There seemed to be but two classes in Mexico, the very wealthy and the very poor. Most of the poor are known as peons. By the laws of Mexico any Mexican becoming indebted to his employer is, in consequence of that debt, bound to his employer until such time as the debt is paid. By reason of such debts fully one-half of the inhabitants of Mexico are peons. One employer can sell the labor of peons to another, and if the peon runs away, he is brought back and severely punished. The wage paid for labor, at this time, was thirty cents per day in the city, and fifteen cents per day in the country, Mexican money. Human labor was cheaper than animal labor and consequently lumber, brick, stone, and almost all products of agriculture were transported short distances on the backs of men. Railroad grading was done by men carrying sacks or

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bags of earth on their backs. Cast iron water piping, a foot or more in diameter, was carried through the streets of Mexico in the same way. When there was a funeral the corpse was carried on a litter five or more miles to the cemetery. Crates of vegetables or fruits were carried on the backs of men for distances of more than one hundred miles to be marketed in the City of Mexico.

From Mexico City we went one hundred miles south to Cuernavaca, a city of about thirty thousand people. This was the home of the unfortunate Maxmillian and his wife, Carlotta. A palace was built here by Cortez. In the year 1525 Charles the Fifth of Spain sent to Cortez a clock for the tower of the palace. This clock still strikes the hour of day. The palace is now used as the capitol building for one of the states of Mexico. In Cuernavaca there is a flower garden containing about twenty acres, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet in height. This garden, tradition says, was built by a Frenchman named Roberts, who became very wealthy as the owner of silver mines near Zacatacus. He conceived the idea of making a beautiful garden to be filled with flowers, trees, and shrubs from every land. For years he devoted all his time and a large amount of money to this work. I was informed that the garden was completed before George Washington was born. Maxmillian and Carlotta occupied the house built for Roberts as a residence for himself. The stone cement walls and fountains were in a poor state of preservation while most of the shrubs and

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trees had died for want of care. We remained in Cuernavaca about three months.

I became very much interested in the Mexican people and as I could not speak Spanish I employed a young Mexican as guide. For several years he had been in the employ of a Mr. Brown, a noted artist, whose home was in Boston, Massachusetts. For the services of this guide I paid forty dollars per month, Mexican money. With his aid and assistance I found little difficulty in gaining admittance to the schools and even into the residences of many Mexican families. The schools appeared to be run solely for the benefit of the Catholic Church. In every school I visited, priests were the teachers. The scholars seemed to spend most of their time in repeating the catechism and singing religious songs, but only a few could read or write. One of the priests said to me that it was their main object to save the souls of these children. There were many mission buildings in and about Cuernavaca, and priests by the hundreds. Every evening there was a band concert in the Plaza. The young people gathered there in great numbers, the young men walking by twos around the Plaza like a line of soldiers, while the young women went, by twos, in the opposite direction. The sexes did not mingle and the rules of Mexican society allowed no conversation between them. I was informed that courting by the young folks was done by the expression in the eyes. Marriage is simply the result of a bargain made between the parents of the respective parties. In most cases

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the mother of the young man informs her son that he should take a wife, and the young man generally accepts the suggestion without a question, seldom refusing the woman who is the choice of his mother. The parents of the son confer with the parents of the young woman, and if they agree the young woman is so informed. After this the two can meet in the presence of the parents of the bride or the bridegroom to be. In a few days or weeks they are married. Since the fee for performing a marriage ceremony in Mexico is large, a great majority of the people cannot pay the same. The peons and poor classes are not legally married. Their parents announce them to be man and wife, and they are so considered.

The peons are generally clad in thin white garments or in calico. A dress is sufficient for the women, with a cheap shawl for their heads, and they are either barefooted or wear thin sandals. The men wear thin white pants and a shirt to match, and, like the women, they are generally barefooted. Every Mexican man wears a sombrero. These hats cost from twenty cents to fifty or even a hundred dollars. A prominent merchant in Mexico City informed me that an entire outfit of clothing for a Mexican peon and his wife could be purchased for five dollars in American money.

On every hacienda, or farm, the owner sets apart about five acres which is used by the peons for their quarters. This land is generally enclosed by a high fence or stone wall. Inside of this enclosure there are sometimes five or six hundred peons, including their

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Swiss Room in the Lincoln Home of Charles H. Morrill.

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families. The owner of the land erects no buildings, he simply gives the peons the right to occupy enough ground upon which to put their houses. The peon generally begins with a brush house, consisting of one small room, just large enough in which to sleep. The cooking is all done over charcoal fires and the family sit on the ground while eating. Beds are also made on the ground, which is covered with straw; as the weather is warm they require only one or two cotton blankets. The land owner contributes nothing toward the support of the peon and his family but the wages paid. If the wage is fifteen cents per day, and is not sufficient to support him, the peon must ask advances of his employer and every advance makes it more impossible for him to ever free himself from peonage. I met a party of Americans who were the owners of mines and stock ranches in Mexico. They informed me that Mexican laborers in their employ performed about the same amount of work a day or month as American laborers employed on ranches owned in Texas.

As far as my observations went, the Mexicans seemed to be an industrious people but they did not try to conceal their hatred for the Americans. I was cautioned by Mexican officials that it was not safe for me to be in the outskirts of the city at night.

On market days many Indians came with pottery of their own manufacture, made into cooking utensils and vessels of various kinds. Much of this ware was decorated by inlaying bits of porcelain and crockery in the clay, arranged in ornamental designs. I was told that

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these Indians were direct descendants of the Aztecs. They manufactured cloth sufficient for their clothing and many fancy blankets, known as zepropas, which they sold. They seemed to be more intelligent and more industrious than our American Indians. I had been told that the Aztecs never laughed and my observations while among them verified this statement. I do not remember ever having seen a smile on one of their faces. At morning and evening the young squaws sat by the roadside cooking a kind of bread they call tortilla; this they offered for sale. There were many young Indian and Mexican boys among those who purchased and I watched them closely but never saw a smile, or any indication that seller or purchaser had a thought other than that of the commercial transaction. These Indians were all Catholics.

On one occasion I saw a large number of men passing our hotel, carrying bricks on their backs. On inquiry I was told that these men were carrying the bricks three miles distant for the construction of a building. Every morning an old woman, possibly past seventy-five years of age, came to the hotel. She went to the clerk, handing him one egg. I was told that she received three centavos for the egg. The landlord told me that the old woman kept but one hen and that the money she received for eggs was nearly sufficient to purchase food for both herself and the hen.

I told my interpreter I would like very much to form the acquaintance of a Mexican family of eight or ten people, my object being to get information as to the

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cost of supporting such a family in Mexico. Later on he informed me that he had found among his friends, a family of ten where the husband received thirty centavos per day for his labor. For the consideration of one dollar the husband and wife agreed to allow me, with my interpreter, to accompany the wife to market, where she was to purchase food sufficient to feed the family for one day. I was also to have the privilege of going to the house and watching the preparation of the food. At the market she made the following purchases: Indian corn, four centavos, about one quart; colored beans, four centavos, one pint; pork, one centavo, one ounce; salt, one half centavo; chili pepper, one half centavo, one cupful; beef, three centavos; lard, one centavo. These purchases were all weighed on small balance scales, such as are sometimes seen in drug stores in the United States. The entire purchase amounted to fourteen centavos, or eight cents in American money. At home the beans were put into a kettle, also the pork and beef, after being cut into small bits; the full cup of chili pepper was then added, and the mixture seasoned with salt. This made about ten quarts of soup. The corn was boiled until soft, then placed on a stone slab and crushed into a sort of dough with a stone roller. The dough, upon being fried, formed the bread called tortilla. I was told that the husband purchased daily ten centavos worth of pulque which he brought home and shared with the family. Pulque is the national Mexican drink, which is taken from the century plant and sold while fresh.

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This constituted the entire supply of food for a family of ten for one day, leaving six centavos for the purchasing of the family clothing.

Three times each week a young Mexican came to the hotel with a load of wood on his back. The landlord informed me that he paid twenty-five centavos for the wood. Through my interpreter I questioned the Mexican wood seller. His home was seven miles away. He paid five centavos for the wood and it took him two days to cut it and bring it to market, leaving him twenty centavos for his labor.

When the cactus puts forth fresh leaves in the spring, they are made into a sort of salad which is eaten by the Mexicans. I was told that during the season when the leaves are tender, food is plentiful and free, and it is therefore very difficult to get the Mexicans to work.

The laws of Cuernavaca require the owners of property on paved streets to wash and clean the streets in front of their lots. Very early every morning they are out washing and sweeping. It was surprising how rapidly and well they did this work. All the water was carried by hand in pails. The Mexicans seemed to have become experts in spreading water.

While I was in Cuernavaca the jails were inspected twice by Mexican army officials. They had a squad of soldiers at their command and if, on inspection, it was found that a certain number of the jail inmates had committed crimes requiring them to serve a term in the Mexican army, such criminals were ordered to

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Party in Yellowstone National Park, August, 1899, Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Morrill. Top Row, Reading from Left to Right, Richard Imhoff, Judge H. H. Wilson, Charles H. Morrill, Hudson Imhoff, Edgar Morrill, Erwin H. Barbour; Bottom Row, Minnie Morrill, Mrs. H. H. Wilson, Miss Carrie Barbour, Mrs. Charles H. Morrill, Mrs. Erwin H. Barbour.

Party at Summit of Harney Peak, Black Hills, the Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Morrill. From Front to Back, Charles H. Morrill, Hudson Imhoff, Mrs. Frank H. Woods, Miss Minnie Morrill, Mrs. Erwin H. Barbour, Richard Imhoff, Mrs. H. H. Wilson, and Judge Wilson.

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march with the squad of soldiers to join certain Mexican regiments.

One morning I saw ten Mexicans standing in front of the hotel with huge crates on their backs. These crates made a load about the size of a large trunk. They were filled with tomatoes. A large strap running across the forehead of the carriers steadied the load. Each Mexican had in his right hand a six-foot staff which he used as a cane. These men were on their way to Mexico City, about one hundred miles distant, over a mountain eight or ten thousand feet high. I was told that the tomatoes would bring about five dollars per crate in Mexico City. There seemed to be a tradition among the Mexicans that a yearly trip to Mexico City, where they could visit the different missions and shrines, would be of great value in saving their souls.

A Trip to Europe

Accompanied by Erwin H. Barbour, I made my first trip to Europe during the summer of 1907. Before leaving the United States, we visited many points of interest including some in Canada, namely, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec.

We found much to interest travelers in Quebec. To a very large degree, this is a French city. The narrow streets and buildings of ancient architecture remind one of the old cities of France. Nine-tenths of the people speak French only; nearly all are Catholics.

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The city is in the shape of a triangle, bounded by the St. Lawrence River, the St. Charles River, and the Plains of Abraham. The old part of the city is still surrounded by a massive wall, built for protection during the early period. In the country adjacent to Quebec, the land is divided into farms, each containing approximately one hundred and sixty acres. These farms have a frontage of about three hundred feet on the main thoroughfare or wagon road; some of them running back one or more miles. The houses, being built on the road, enable people to live near each other; this custom is said to have come down from old feudal times in France, when people were forced to live near each other for better protection. They still ride in old-fashioned two wheel shays.

The Hotel Fontenac is one of the finest hostelries on the American continent. We found many interesting historic places near Quebec, among them the Falls of Montmorency. Along the road there were many cottages occupied by French farmers. They still used open air ovens for baking bread. Behind their houses there were very long strips of farm land running down to the St. Charles River. There was also the very interesting little town of la Bonne Ste. Anne. As many as two hundred thousand pilgrims visit annually the church of Ste. Anne; its towers are over one hundred feet in height; it contains some of the bones of the patron saint, Ste. Anne. Many of those who make pilgrimages to the church believe that to touch one of these bones will bring health to the

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sick; thousands of crutches have been left by those cured of their ills.

From Quebec we sailed on the Empress of Ireland and six days later arrived at Liverpool. From there we went to London, where we stopped at the Victoria hotel, near Trafalgar Square. While in London we visited the museums, and saw valuable and historical treasures from nearly every country. Nothing seems to have been so large or so weighty that the English were prevented from appropriating it, providing that it was attractive enough in art, beauty, or historic value. Just why they left the Pyramids in Egypt is not explainable.

The condition of the laboring classes in London made one wonder why so large a majority of English people were working as servants, receiving for their labor a wage which gave them bare sustenance. In conversation with waiters and stewards on boats, I was informed that many of them paid a certain amount each month for the privilege of occupying their positions; they also said that they depended entirely upon tips offered by the traveling public for remuneration for their work.

All travelers understand that there is much of great interest to be seen in London. At Windsor, for a small fee, we were admitted to the King's Palace, and also shown through his stables. Among his carriages is the old Royal Coach in which many Kings and Queens have ridden. After two weeks' stay we left London for Dover, crossing the English Channel to Calais, France,

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and then on to Paris, where we remained about three weeks.

Paris is filled with interesting, historic places such as the Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's Tomb, and the famous Louvre Galleries. At Versailles we saw many things illustrating extravagance during the reign of Louis XVI and his predecessors and their reckless expenditure of the people's money. The room of Marie Antoinette brought back visions of the French revolution. We visited the Bastile, that hideous dungeon, where so many died as a result of confinement and starvation. Our attention was called to the former location of the guillotine, where thousands were beheaded during that memorable upheaval.

Every visitor is impressed with the apparent happiness and gaiety of the French people. In dress their women are inimitable. These people sit at little tables on the sidewalks from 4 P. M. often until midnight, eating, drinking, and conversing. Even in public they show great affection for each other. On steamboats, trains and in other public places, men and women apparently belonging to the most respectable classes are demonstrative, caressing and kissing one another. I was told that this was the custom amongst French people.

From Paris we went to Lausanne, Switzerland. This city, of sixty thousand people, is located on the shore of the beautiful Lac Leman. Most of the people speak French. It is a city of hotels and pensions or boarding houses. The Swiss people are so friendly, thrifty and

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THE ORIGINAL HOMESTEAD OF CHARLES H. MORRILL, NEAR THE EDGE OF STROMSBURG, NEBRASKA.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. MORRILL ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1912.

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industrious that the traveler must admire them. The market places are beautiful in the extreme; they are decorated with flowers and the vegetables of different colors are so arranged as to attract attention. The water in Lac Leman is as blue as the sky and both were more vivid than I had ever seen before.

After enjoying Lausanne for a week we went to Montreux, located on a point of land running out quite a distance into Lac Leman. The Castle of Chillon stands on a little island, about fifty feet from the shore, connected by a bridge. Montreux is built along the shores of the lake for some distance. The land rises, very rapidly so that a large part of the city is far above the water. Funicular railroads are common; they climb steep mountain grades and yield the traveler magnificent views of the lakes and surrounding country.

From Montreux we went across the mountains to Interlaken. All Switzerland is picturesque and it is difficult to decide which part is the most beautiful. The peak of the Jungfrau is plainly seen from Interlaken. This city is the center for wood carving which is plainly an industry of importance. Many objects are beautifully carved out of wood, the Edelweiss, the bear, wild boar, and chamois being favorite subjects. While at Interlaken I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Egger, one of the firm of Egger und Brudders, extensive dealers in carved furniture and other Swiss carvings of all kinds. Mr. Egger spoke English fluently, and had resided five years in the State of Kansas,

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U. S. A. Through his acquaintance I gained admission to several Swiss homes, among them the home of a millionaire. This man was the son of a poor family, but as he grew older he developed into a shrewd trader in different lines. When I met him he was in one of his shops where carved furniture was manufactured, and like all other working men was clad in overalls. All this work is done by hand, the process is slow and very tedious, and the pay small when compared with that of the American working man. The heating plant inside this rich man's home was a curiosity. It was made of massive stones, occupying a space about fifteen feet square. In the basement there was a door where very large logs could be put into the plant, the amount of wood consumed was enormous, but the results in cold weather, I was informed, were very satisfactory.

The Swiss people claim Switzerland as a land of true democracy. I was informed that the sixteen thousand square miles of Swiss territory were divided into twenty-two cantons, thirteen of these are German speaking, four are French, in three both German and French are spoken, in one Italian, and in one Romanish is spoken. These cantons elect representatives to the Federal Assembly, each canton being independent in law making so long as it enacts no laws conflicting with the rights of other cantons. In some cantons the people vote through representatives, while in many the ancient system, called "Folk Mote," in which the voting is done in a general assembly by the show of

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uplifted hands, is still practiced. Sometimes the meetings are held in open fields. This method seems to be successful in a country having a total population of 3,500,000 living in a territory less than one-fifth the size of the State of Nebraska. It is a question if this form of government would succeed in a nation composed of one hundred million people, living in a country as large in area as the United States.

From Interlaken we went to Geneva, a beautiful city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, located on the shores of Lake Geneva. We visited the Grand Theatre, the Geneva Academy, the Pont du Blanc bridge over the river Rhone, and many other points of interest. In sailing around Lake Geneva, we saw several old castles with the Alps back of them towering many thousand feet in the air, making a wonderfully impressive and beautiful picture. We visited the famous water works, saw the huge water wheels of enormous power, which force sufficient water from this lake to supply the city and to furnish power for many large factories, as well as electric current for lighting the city. A short distance below the city is the confluence of the River Rhone and the Arve, the latter having its source at Mer de Glace. The intensely blue waters of the Rhone refuse to mix with the whitish grey water of the Arve. For several hundred yards below their juncture the stripes of blue and gray make a beautiful and interesting picture.

From Geneva we went to Chamonix, a small city in the mountains but a few miles from the Mer de

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Glace. Mer de Glace is the largest glacier in the Alps and forms the principal ice stream of Mont Blanc which rises 15,782 feet above sea level. The x in the accompanying cut shows approximately my position in the middle of this immense ice stream, when Professor Barbour snapped my picture.

From Chamonix we went to Lucerne, a city of about forty-one thousand people. This city is located on the shores of Lake Lucerne; here we saw the Cathedral of Lucerne, one of the oldest in Switzerland, said to have been built about the year 1200. We were much interested in the old historic Chapel Bridge, with its one hundred and fifty paintings; many of these represent war scenes during the time the Romans governed this city. The bridge runs zig-zag across the point of Lake Lucerne. All travelers are much interested in the wonderful memorial, the Lion of Lucerne, hewn from solid rock on the side of the mountain. This is an immense image of a lion, and commemorates the valor of the Swiss soldiers who, rather than surrender their arms while defending the Tuilleries in Paris in 1792, gave up their lives. Beneath this monument is the following inscription: "To the loyalty and valor of the Swiss."

Near Lucerne we saw roads which for miles had been cut through solid rock. These were built by the Romans for use as military roads, in order that their army might avoid the difficulties of mountain climbing, and to facilitate the transportation of army supplies. Some of these roads are said to have been

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The Summer Home of Charles H. Morrill Located in the Yard Near the Original Home Which is Now Occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Morrill and Family.

Main Room, in the Log Bungalow, Looking toward the Dining Room.

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constructed before the Christian era. We also visited the William Tell Chapel and monument. In all parts of Switzerland, the Alps with their white peaks towering high above the green fields, and the intensely blue waters, combine with the clear blue sky to form an impressive picture.

We left Lucerne with regret and soon arrived in Basle. Here, while yet in Switzerland, everything seemed to be German. Everyone spoke German, and German architecture, German signs on stores and German styles of dress were in evidence everywhere. From Basle we had a most interesting trip down the Rhine River. The ruins of castles belonging to the old feudal lords are still in existence and are in a fair state of preservation. There seemed to be a castle on top of almost every high hill along the shores of the Rhine. While looking at one of the largest, our guide informed us that in feudal times the lord of this castle put a very heavy chain across the river sufficiently strong to stop any boat. This lord demanded a tax from all who sailed up or down with goods for market. If payment was refused, a fight ensued and the lives and property of those conquered were sacrificed. We were very much impressed by the activity in Germany along all manufacturing lines. In Cologne we met a German who spoke English, and asked him where the Germans dispose of all their manufactured wares. He said, "We sell to every people in the entire world. The German government has experts in all lines of trade in every civilized and in many uncivilized countries.

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First, we find out what a certain people want, how they desire certain goods made, and then offer the manufactured articles through people speaking their own language. When we have the trade once established, we manage to keep the confidence of the purchaser. This policy has been established and our foreign trade reaches all parts of the world through the efforts of Kaiser Wilhelm. All thinking Germans know that the present general prosperity in Germany has come through the foresight and untiring efforts of our Kaiser."

In the evening of the same day we left Cologne, Germany; we arrived in Amsterdam, Holland, located on the Zuider Zee. Hollanders are an entirely different people from the Germans. They are mostly agriculturists; raising live stock and dairying seem to be their principal occupations. Amsterdam is a fine city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, and by their activity, hustle and bustle there, one would almost believe he were in an American city. A large part of their dairy products and live stock are exported to London. At Edam, one of the greatest cheese markets of the world, we went through the big cheese factory. From there we went to the Island of Marken, where we found the Hollanders clad in gaudy, many colored garments, and all wearing wooden shoes. Fishing is the only industry. As we approached a house, the family assembled in front, and we were invited to go inside, where everything was spick and span. Small bed rooms, resembling a berth in a sleeping car, were

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built in the walls of the rooms. These little three by six foot rooms were their only sleeping places, and in front of each was a fancy homemade curtain. The young Hollanders stood in line with their hands extended, expecting a few pennies for their hospitality. They seemed to be a very happy people. We saw here also an old church, said to have been built a thousand years ago, still standing and in a fair state of preservation. The greater portion of the country adjacent to the sea is fit only for the production of grass and for pasturage, as could easily be seen on the return trip to Amsterdam. It is said that this city somewhat resembles Venice, small canals running through the streets, and even through the alleys affording transportation facilities. We saw wood, coal, lumber, and other merchandise being transferred to public houses and even to private residences from boats in these small canals.

Leaving Amsterdam we were soon at The Hague, and visited the Queen's Palace, where the World's Peace Conventions are held. We found the picture galleries of great interest, having a fine collection of portraits of the Princes of the House of Orange, as well as many others by famous Dutch and Flemish masters. The following day we arrived at Brussels. This city is located on the Senne River, and was founded in the sixth century. We saw the Hotel de Ville and the palace of King Leopold. For many years, Brussels was one of the most fashionable and attractive places in Europe for the nobility and gentry of different

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nationalities. It is noted for its medieval guild houses, picture galleries, and spacious market places. No one visiting Brussels should fail to visit the fish market, where many thousands of baskets of fresh fish are daily sold at auction. Early every morning the streets of Brussels are filled with Belgian women with dog carts, on their way to market, in many instances both the dog and the woman are pulling the same load. At the market these women talked in high, rough voices, reminding one of the coarsest Russian women as we see them on their arrival in America. This is very likely due to the severe struggle they make for existence.

From Belgium we went to London for a second time, and while there endeavored to see places of historic interest omitted on our first visit. We took a trip down the Thames River, during which we began to realize the greatness of England. There we saw thousands of ships from every part of the known world, and began to understand the importance of the merchant marine, and their control of sea commerce. England is also the central market of the world. People in general little realize how completely we are at the mercy of the English. Nearly all of our grains, cottons, meats, and manufactured products are sold in England; even if these products are not consumed there, they must be sent to England in order to secure transportation to other countries. Since transportation rates are made by the English, the value of our goods is largely determined by them.

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CHARLES HENRY MORRILL AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FOUR

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After a week in London, we went to Stratford, the home of Shakespeare. We visited the Shakespeare Memorial on the shores of the Avon, also a cottage said to be the home of Ann Hathaway, and were told by our guide that we could swing on the same gate that Shakespeare and Ann swung on in their courting days. The guide also informed us that we could charter the same row boats that Shakespeare and Ann went sailing in under the weeping willows along the banks of the Avon. Stratford is a beautiful, picturesque spot, specially fitted to be associated with the memory of Shakespeare. At the curio stores we were offered many old pieces of furniture and cooking utensils said to have once belonged to Shakespeare and his wife. After this experience I could see how our forefathers who made wooden nutmegs had inherited their desires to make an honest penny from their English cousins. We called at the house on Hendley Street, where, it is said, Shakespeare was born. Our guide also pointed out Fulbracke Park where tradition says Shakespeare stole one of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer; this act coupled with the prosecution of Shakespeare by Lucy is said to have been instrumental in his going to London which resulted in his education and preparation for his future work.

From Stratford, we went to the old, historic city of Chester, the only city in England that retains its walls. These walls were built for the protection of the inhabitants. They are two miles in length and still in a fair state of preservation. We went up the

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Wishing Steps and our guide pointed out the location of Caesar's Tower, also the Kings Schools said to have been established about the year 1500 A. D. Chester is supposed to have been occupied by the Romans in the third century, afterwards by the Britons, Saxons, and Danes. The city is filled with points of historic interest, many of its buildings are of ancient type, and many farm buildings near the city still have thatched roofs.

From Chester we went to London and on the following day sailed for America.

Before visiting Europe, we had been told that people were very much annoyed by the general practice of tipping for every service performed. To me, this was one of the pleasures of the trip. The service given by the recipient was so well and faithfully performed and the tip expected so small compared to the charge made in America for like service, that I can see no cause for complaint. There is another thought which came to me in connection with this matter. What must be the condition of the family where the bread winner is forced to give his service for so small a remuneration?

A Winter in California

In the winter of 1889, with my family, I made my first visit to California. We went directly to Los Angeles, where we found all the hotels crowded. The best accommodations offered to the tourists were unsatisfactory. Los Angeles at that time had about

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30,000 inhabitants. There was little or no paving and the dust of the streets was almost unbearable. During the rainy season mud made the streets almost impassable.

While stopping at the hotel I met "Lucky" Baldwin. He was a jovial, good fellow, and a great optimist concerning the future of Los Angeles and of Southern California. One day he invited Governor Nance and me to go with him to his Santa Anita ranch, in the San Gabriel valley, about fifteen miles from Los Angeles. We accepted the invitation and enjoyed his hospitality for several days. He was a great lover of horses, and seemed to take much pleasure in showing us his stable full of racers, about fifty in number. The horses were then being trained for the coming summer campaign.

While we were driving over his ranch, which contained many thousands of acres, he pointed to the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains and said: "What do you gentlemen think those acres are worth?" I replied that as they were simply hills with no water and no possibility of growing crops on them, in my opinion they were valueless. He laughed and replied: "Gentlemen, I'll live to sell every one of these villa sites at one thousand dollars per acre." We thought he was crazy on this subject. I am told that soon after his death his executors sold three thousand acres near Los Angeles for six million dollars.

During our stay at Santa Anita, Mr. Baldwin invited Governor Nance and me to call on him in San

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Francisco on our homeward trip, saying he would be glad to show us the city. We did so. One day he drove up Knob Hill, where the bonanza kings had erected many fine palaces. Among many others he pointed out Mackay's home, and a big mansion just completed by O'Brien, both bonanza kings.

He told us the following story: "When O'Brien had his house nearly completed he wrote to his agent in New York city to send him at once an 'up-to-date' library. In due time the books arrived. O'Brien was very much pleased with the binding of the volumes of Shakespeare and Milton and at once telegraphed his New York agent as follows: 'Books received, very satisfactory, especially Shakespeare and Milton. Send at once everything these men have published up to this date.' "

At Mr. Baldwin's death in 1911, his estate was valued at about $28,000,000. His daughter, Anita Baldwin, has recently erected a beautiful mansion on the Santa Anita ranch. She, like her father, is a great lover of horses; she is also developing an up-to-date stock ranch.

Changes in Thirty Years

On my return to Los Angeles in 1915 I found many changes had come about. In 1890 crops grown on the San Gabriel valley lands and in fact in all of southern California were mostly wheat and barley, without irrigation. Large areas not cultivated for lack of water were used as sheep and cattle ranches. There

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was only a small part of the land irrigated. The method of conveying water for irrigation was of the old Spanish type — in open ditches. By this method a large part of the water was wasted in seepage and evaporation. At the present time all water for irrigation is conveyed in underground pipes. Where water is required for the irrigation of mountain sides or hill lands, it is forced up by pumping plants. In the lower districts where water can be obtained at a depth of fifty feet or less, wells with pumping plants supply a sufficient quantity for the successful growing of fruits and other crops. By adopting these new methods and by the construction of reservoirs in the mountains, it is expected that sufficient water will soon be available for the irrigation of all arable land in Los Angeles and adjoining counties.

Unquestionably the chief attraction of southern California is its climate. The early builders of Los Angeles foresaw that climate alone would not bring people there in great numbers. To make this the recognized playground of the world big things must be done. To do big things, the Californian way, required the expenditure of enormous sums of money. The only way to acquire these vast sums was by voting bonds. Bonds have been issued by the city to the amount of $40,000,000. I was informed that this did not include street improvements or sewer bonds paid by assessments on abutting property. I am presuming that including the public bonded debt for all purposes on all property inside the present city

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limits of Los Angeles the total reached $75,000,000 and possibly more than $100,000,000.

Let us assume that this sum constitutes the total outstanding liability of the city. Before condemning this course as absolutely ruinous, we should consider its assets. The bigger the business the greater its liabilities must necessarily be.

It should not be overlooked that the city water works, aqueduct and other public service enterprises are inventoried as assets at the actual cost of construction. It is expected that the income from these will be sufficient to liquidate the entire cost of construction and afterwards be a source of profit to the city. No doubt there are great possibilities in this direction. The result depends, almost wholly, upon the success of municipal management.

The City of Los Angeles

Area: Square miles, 288.21; population, 550,000; assessed valuation, city, $508,247,110.

The cost of maintaining its government now approximates $2,000,000 a month. This expense is about equally divided between the schools and general purposes.

Public school buildings, 154, including six high schools; teachers, 2,378; scholars, 87,209. Including the annexed schools, the property valuation of the Los Angeles public school system in buildings, lands and equipment is placed, in round numbers, at $14,000,000.

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City Water Works and Aqueduct

The most notable thing that has ever happened to the city of Los Angeles is the acquirement by the municipality of rights to the flow of the Owens River and tributary streams which drain the eastern surface of the Sierra Nevada range, and the conveyance of this new supply across the Mojave desert, under the Coast range of mountains and into the city, for domestic consumption. From the inlet of the aqueduct to the point where the water enters the city's distribution system, the total distance is 258 miles. This project was inaugurated in 1904. The work was formally dedicated and the giant water course placed in operation November 5, 1913. The total cost of this water system, including $1,500,000 for land and water rights, was $24,500,000. The undertaking was completed within this amount, and within the time for which it was promised. The Los Angeles aqueduct provides a supply of water for domestic purposes for more than 1,000,000 people and for the irrigation of 135,000 acres of land. In addition, by taking advantage of natural conditions the city, from this source, is able to generate hydro-electric energy estimated at 120,000 horse power. For partial development and distribution of this resource, Los Angeles has appropriated $10,000,000. One of the power houses is now nearing completion.

Water power to the extent of 120,000 horse power will be utilized, from which will be generated the city's light and power, and from the sale of which it is ex-

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pected to liquidate the bonds and interest of both aqueduct and electrical plants.

Los Angeles is abundantly supplied with beautiful parks, providing playgrounds for the people and ample opportunity for the city dweller to get back to nature.

The total area of city parks is 4,097 acres, and the value is estimated at $10,211,860 by City Auditor John S. Myers.

The Greek theater site in Vermont canyon is said to be the finest in the world. The plans call for a seating capacity of 15,000. The acoustic properties of the canyon are unrivaled. A speaker or singer may be heard perfectly, while enunciating in ordinary tones.

Southern California has expended probably $50,000,000 to date on good roads. This enormous investment is probably without parallel in any other equal area in the United States and, taking the population of this section into consideration, certainly represents an unparalleled achievement.

In our various trips it proved expedient to have our car and our own driver, Joseph Bell, who had served us so reliably and well for the past twelve years. Accordingly, he and the car had been sent in advance to Los Angeles. The climate was equable, the roads good, the surroundings diversified and attractive, and the pleasure trips taken proved to be as healthful and instructive as pleasurable. As the winter merged into spring, and the Easter season approached, the beauty was enhanced, and my wife's happiness and exuberance of spirit found enthusiastic expression. Easter Sunday was ideal, and

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my wife took great pleasure in the profuse floral decorations and the church services. After recounting the experiences of the day and expressing the gratifying sentiment that no happier winter had ever passed, she retired. In the middle of the night she turned on a light in her room and expired without warning. Thus passed a singularly amiable and tranquil life. The following obituary is from the Stromsburg Headlight, May 10, 1917.

OBITUARY

"The funeral of Mrs. C. H. Morrill, who died in Los Angeles, California, on April 8th, was held on Sunday, May 6th, at the homestead[1] just south of Stromsburg, the services being held at the home of her son, Arthur C. Morrill.

"Harriet Currier was born in Nashua, New Hampshire, November 16, 1843, her death occurring at Los Angeles, California, on April 8, 1917, and at her death she was aged 73 years, 4 months, and 23 days. At the age of seventeen years she united with the Methodist Church and when eighteen years of age was united in marriage with Charles Henry Morrill, who at that time was a private soldier in the 11th New Hampshire volunteers. A few days after the marriage ceremony had been performed, Mr. Morrill left his young wife to join his regiment and served to the end of the war. After he had returned from his services to his country, they moved to Iowa where they spent a few years and

[1] The old home where she raised all her children, now the home of her son Arthur Currier Morrill.

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in 1873 moved to Nebraska where they settled on the homestead just south of Stromsburg and which has been their real home ever since.

"To this union seven children were born, the four surviving are Charles Albert, Arthur Currier, Edgar Lampery, and Minnie Harriet. Six grandchildren have been added to the happy family circle in which the grandmother was the guiding star.

"Mr. and Mrs. Morrill came to Polk County among the early settlers and Mr. Morrill took a government homestead. They, like all other settlers, were not blessed with worldly goods, but they prospered and Mrs. Morrill lived to enjoy for many years the accumulation of their united toil.

"In 1894 the family moved to Lincoln where they resided most of the time until a year and a half ago when they went to Los Angeles. But Stromsburg was always their real home and a great many of their summers were spent in the handsome log house which was built twenty years ago for a summer home.

"Mrs. Morrill was a woman of a beautiful and noble character and was beloved by all who knew her. She was a kind and considerate wife and a loving mother, and it is in the home where she was so greatly beloved that she will be missed, and yet her many friends will miss her kindly smile and cheerful greeting and her many tokens of friendship and her unselfish kindness for others.

"At the time of her death she was an active member of the P. E. O. Sisterhood, the Daughters of the American

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Mrs. Harriet Z. Currier Morrill, Wife of Charles H. Morrill, at the Age of Seventy-three.

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Revolution, and the Eastern Star, and was an honorary member of the Stromsburg Woman's Club. During her residence in Lincoln she was patroness of the Pi Beta Phi and acted as chaperon at their social gatherings.

"The funeral was held at one o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. J. H. Presson of Lincoln preached the sermon which was a tribute to the life of this departed good woman, and was assisted by Rev. J. L. Barton, pastor of the Eden Baptist Church. A double quartet furnished the music. The members of the P. E. O. attended in a body and assisted with the services at the cemetery and had beautifully decorated the grave, lining it with flowers. The floral offerings were profuse and very beautiful, attesting in a mute way the love for the departed and the sympathy to the family who had sustained so great a loss. Many friends from this city as well as Lincoln, Osceola, and other points, had gathered to pay their last respects to a woman who was so universally loved and admired."

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REVOLUTIONARY WAR RECORD

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Omaha, Nebraska, June 17, 1914.

Mr. Charles Henry Morrill,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dear Sir: I have the pleasure of informing you that your papers are approved by our National Society and registered under the following numbers:

National number 26380
State number 280

Yours truly,
EDWIN HALSTEAD, Secretary.

REVOLUTIONARY RECORD OF THE ANCESTORS OF CHARLES HENRY MORRILL

Samuel Bagley's name appears upon the pay rolls of Captain Moses Baker's company of volunteers, who marched from Candia, New Hampshire, and joined the Continental Army at Saratoga in September, 1777. (See New Hampshire rolls, volume 2, page 402.)

The company was attached to Levi Welch of General Whipple's brigade, and marched to Saratoga. This company was engaged in the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga. (See page 81—1778, History of Candia, New Hampshire.)

Samuel Bagley, private, Candia, New Hampshire soldiers was credited to Candia. (See page 95, Candia, New Hampshire Soldiers.)

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NEBRASKA HALL, THE RIGHT WING OF WHICH WAS USED FOR THE NEBRASKA STATE MUSEUM, WHERE THE MORRILL GEOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS WERE HOUSED UNTIL 1907.

A PORTION OF THE FIRST WING OF THE NEW NEBRASKA STATE MUSEUM, WHERE THE COLLECTIONS OF CHARLES H. MORRILL ARE STORED ON FOUR FLOORS. THE OLD STATE MUSEUM MAY BE SEEN TO THE RIGHT.

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On page 103, History of Candia, New Hampshire, the name of Samuel Bagley appears as a taxpayer, in A. D. 1778. Also on page 164 as a taxpayer in the year 1800. The name does not appear on the tax list of 1820; very likely he had died before this date.

Richard Morrill, grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill, married Polly Mary Bagley, daughter of Samuel Bagley.

Revolutionary Record of Daniel Morrill

Daniel Morrill was born September 27, 1737, died in 1813. He was born on Pumpkin Hill, Warner, New Hampshire, and was a son of Israel Morrill. (History of Warner, New Hampshire, page 231.)

The voters of Warner met at the house of Daniel Flood and selected Daniel Morrill as a representative to the Legislature for one year. (From the History of Warner, New Hampshire, page 230, by Harriman.)

Daniel Morrill served in Captain Jonathan Evans' company, Colonel Samuel Johnson's regiment.

Enlisted August 15, 1777.

Discharged November 10, 1777.

Also served as private in Captain Samuel Huse's company, Colonel Jacob Gerrish's regiment.

Enlisted November 30, 1777.

Discharged February 5, 1778.

Also served in the same regiment from February 5, 1778, to March 15, 1778, at Winter Hill.

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Also enlisted in Captain Oliver Titcomb's company, Colonel Cogswell's regiment.

Enlisted September 28, 1778.

Discharged December 31, 1778.

This company was detached to guard and fortify posts in and about Boston, Mass. (Documentary Authority Mass. S. & S., volume XI, page 55. Hoyt's Old Families of Salsbury and Amsbury, pages 769, 110, 782, 355, 111; also Harriman's History of Warner, New Hampshire, page 231.)

Revolutionary Record of the Lamperys

Aaron Lampery, great grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill on his mother's side, lived in Epsom, New Hampshire. He married Hannah Locke. The children from this marriage were as follows:

Aaron Lampery, Junior, Ephraim Lampery, Levi Lampery, Abiel Lampery, John Lampery, Hannah Lampery, Delia Lampery, Lydia Lampery and Judith Lampery.

Aaron the second married first Mary Judkins, and second Mary Pierce of Alexandria, New Hampshire. They are buried in Concord, New Hampshire.

Levi Lampery, grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill, married Polly Cook. The children were Levina Lampery, Ephraim Lampery, Levi Lampery, Junior, and Mahala Lampery (mother of Charles Henry Morrill).

Levina married John Patten of Alexandria, New Hampshire.

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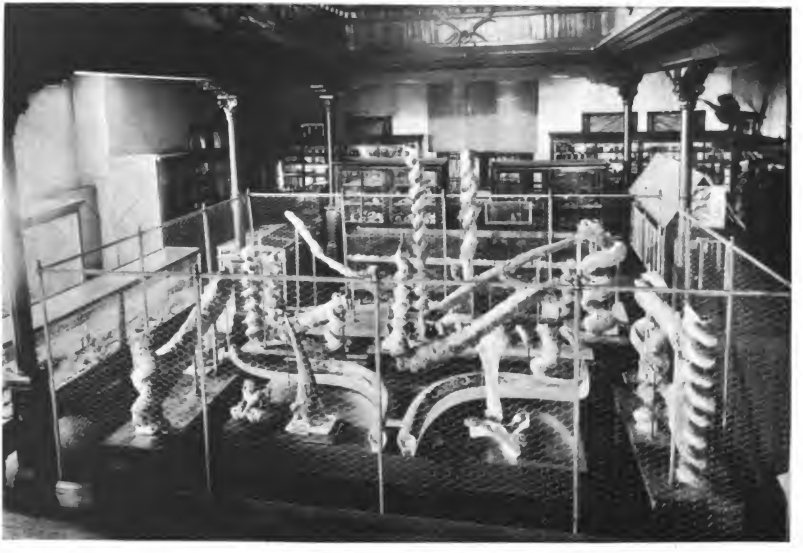

A Portion of the Main Floor of the Old Nebraska State Museum, Fossil Section, Showing a Temporary Cage and Various Cases Filled with the Geological Collections of Charles H. Morrill.

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Ephraim lived in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, for many years.

He married Sarah Pattee, mother of Mrs. Laura Sleeper of Concord, New Hampshire.

Levi, Junior, married Jawsia Edmonds of Bristol, New Hampshire.

Mahala married Ephraim Morrill (father of Charles Henry Morrill).

J. J. Lampery of London, England, in a letter recently written to M. C. Lampery of Concord, New Hampshire, says, "The Lamperys were a family of great antiquity in the west of England, and their earlier abodes were at Branton, Tamton, Barnstable, and Exeter, and mention is made of them in deeds, documents, Feudal aids, and Hundred rolls. The Men of Devon served in Scotland, Wales, and France under the standards of the Henrys and Edwards of England, A. D. 1100 to 1346. Lampery Court was one of the seven palaces attached to the See of St. David in A. D. 1278. Here the Earl of Richards, afterwards Henry VII, was entertained on his way from Milford Haven to Bosworth Field. The remarkable Bishop's Palace, St. David's, is somewhat similar to that of Lampery Court and the Castle of Swansea, Wales."

Lieut. Ephraim Locke, Rev. Soldier, born Feb. 4 or 10, 1730; died March or May 7, 1798; married May 14, 1752, to Comfort Dow, se dau. of Ozem Dow, SE. She was born Aug. 21, 1731.

Lieut. Ephraim Locke was the son of Francis Locke,

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born July 18, 1694; died about 1754. He married first Deliverance Brookin. He married second Sarah Moulton, on March 11, 1733.

Hannah Locke was married to Aaron Lampery. He was born in 1746. Hannah was a sister of Edward Locke.

Edward Locke was the son of John Locke.

"Captain Locke," who, according to tradition, came from Yorkshire, England, settled first in Dover, N. H. He was granted a house lot in Portsmouth, N. H., 1565. He settled without permission in the spring of 1666 on land belonging to the town of Hampton, N. H., on JOCELYN'S NECK. He was, about a year and a half later, admitted as an inhabitant, by vote of the town.

He married about 1652, Elizabeth Berry, daughter of William Berry. HE WAS KILLED by the INDIANS August 26, 1696, aged, it is supposed, about 70 years. His widow was living in February, 1707. The tragedy of Captain Locke's death occurred during KING WILLIAM'S war, when men went armed to their daily work. It is said that, having stood his gun against a rock, he was reaping grain, when several Indians crept stealthily up behind him, and shot him with his own weapon. Supposing him dead, they rushed upon him for his scalp, when he revived, struck out with his sickle and cut off the nose of one of the Indians. Years afterward a son of his met the noseless Indian in Portsmouth. (From page 822—History of Hampton, New Hampshire.)

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DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Washington, D. C., June 3d, 1914.

Mrs. Harriet Currier Morrill,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

My dear Madam: I have the honor to advise you that your application for membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was answered by the Board of Management, June 3d, 1914, and that your name has been placed upon the list of members.

Your national number is 109292.

Very respectfully,
HATTIE WILLIAMS R. BOYLE, Recording Secretary.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF THE CURRIERS

A complete record and history of the Currier family can be found in the Lowell, Massachusetts, Historical Society Records placed there by Jacob Currier of Lowell, Massachusetts, before he died.

"At the time of the Revolution there were four Currier brothers of fighting age, one of whom was killed in the Battle of Bunker Hill. At that time there were many Curriers in this country. There is a deed of record signed by one of the Curriers in A. D. 1642, conveying property in Amsbury, Massachusetts. At that time there were three Curriers in Massachusetts, two lived near Amsbury and one on the "Isle of Shoals." The Curriers in New England were from the oldest of the three brothers, through a line of descendants of which the oldest son was always called "Challis," down to the time of our Grandfather, who spelled the name "Chellis." Chellis, the

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eldest of the brothers, settled in Canain some time after the Revolution."

The historical records read as follows.

"The name Currier is French. My brother, Jacob Currier, looked for them in Scotland, where he did not find them. The name used to be pronounced as though it were spelled 'Kier,' and my brother likely confused it with the Scotch family named 'Kirer' of the clan of McGregor.

"The Curriers are all French Huguenots, and they left France for the peace of the country and to save their own necks; some of them passed through two generations in Holland and Scotland. The French spelling of the name is 'Courier,' and was derived from Messenger, or one sent with a message."

Chellis married an Abigail Stevens, her mother's maiden name was Harriman; they are connected with the Dyers and the Putnams of Connecticut.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Washington, D. C., June 3d, 1914.

Miss Minnie Harriet Morrill,

Lincoln, Nebraska.

My dear Madam: I have the honor to advise you that your application for membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was answered by the Board of Management, June 3d, 1914, and that your name has been placed upon the list of members.

Your national number is 105302.

Very respectively,

HATTIE WILLIAMS R. BOYLE, Recording Secretary.

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A Cabinet in the Vertebrate Section of the Nebraska State Museum, Containing an Industrial Collection of Alligators, Crocidiles, and Wares Made of Their Skins. Collections of Charles H. Morrill.

A Group of Nebraska Beavers, Young and Old, in the Collection of Charles H. Morrill, Vertebrate Section, Nebraska State Museum, The University of Nebraska.

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Biographical

ISAAC WALDRON

John Morrill (son of Richard Morrill and grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill) married Mary Watkins, who was the daughter of Jacob Waldron, whose first wife was Sarah Abbott. Jacob Waldron was the son of Isaac Waldron, who was on the Alarm List of Warner, N. H., in the Revolutionary War.

Isaac Waldron, Sr., and his two sons, Isaac Waldron, Jr., and Jacob Waldron, settled in Warner, N. H. (from Rumford, now Concord, N. H.) in 1763.

Colonial Service:

Isaac Waldron, Sr., was a soldier in Capt. John Webster's company for the protection of Rumford (now Concord, N. H.) March 4, 1747, and sergeant in Col. Blanchard's regiment on the Merrimac River August 23 to November 16, 1755. Also on GARRISON DUTY at different times.

Revolutionary War Service:

The RECORDS of Warner, N. H., give ISAAC WALDRON, SR., on the "ALARM LIST" and Isaac Waldron, Jr., and Jacob Waldron "GONE IN SERVICE." Reported in Capt. Daniel Flood's company, 1776 from Warner, N. H. Vol. 11, page 886 Gen. and Fam. History of the State of N. H. Edited by Ezra Stearns, 1908. Also N. H. State Papers, and Rev. Rolls. See separate application for the REV. WAR SERVICE of JACOB WALDRON, son of Isaac Waldron, above.

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Genealogical and Family History of the State of New Hampshire.

(*Ezra Stearns, 1908*)

Vol. II, page 886. WALDRON.

Primeval solitude prevailed over the greater part of the Granite State when the ancestor of this FAMILY settled in Concord.

1. Isaac Waldron must have been in RUMFORD, formerly Pennycook, now Concord, as early as his marriage in 1742. He first appears in the Records, March 2, 1743, when his son Jacob was born. There are records of him at Rumford, June 14, 1744, March 8, 1745, as "FIELD DRIVER." May 15, 1746, on duty at GARRISON HOUSE. New Hampshire State Papers, Vol. XIV, Vol. 3, REV. ROLLS.

1. Isaac Waldron, who died in Warner, New Hampshire, may have been brother of Richard Kenny Waldron and Col. Isaac, the latter's son may have been named for him, but no place for him has been found in any other New Hampshire family. Like his CONJECTURAL BROTHER, RICHARD KENNY WALDRON, he was a SOLDIER in early life in Capt. John Webster's company at Pennycook (now Concord, N. H.), March, 1747. In Col. Blanchard's regiment on Merrimac River, 1754, serving as sergeant. He acquired and conveyed land in that region, 1747 to 1760, in Rumford (now Concord, N. H.), Canterbury, Contoocook, and elsewhere. In 1763 he settled in New Amesbury, now Warner, N. H., and was living there in 1776. His wife, Susanna Chandler, died at Concord, 1802, aged 83.

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They had sons: Isaac Waldron, b. June 18, 1746; Jacob Waldron, b. March 2, 1743, and daughter Susannah (or Susan), b. June 9, 1751, and perhaps other children.

JACOB WALDRON was among those who had the honor of being the first civil officers in the legal town of Warner. At a meeting March 29, 1774 Lieut. Jacob Waldron was chosen assessor.

Fast Day: At a meeting September 26, 1771; "Voted Mr. Kelly appoint a Day of Fast, and that Mr. Isaac Waldron go to the neighboring MINISTERS and invite them to attend the FAST." Page 182, Mr. Kelly called the meeting.

November 4, 1771, the inhabitants met at the meeting house and after choosing moderator and clerk. "Voted to give Mr. William Kelly a call to settle in the ministry and that our said committee WALDRON, CHASE AND SAWYER shall extend the CALL."

Page 184, Ordination. Rev. William Kelly was ordained February 5, 1772. The only record referring to the ordination is found in the minutes of their annual meeting, held March 25, 1775. "Voted to allow Mr. Isaac Waldron's account for PROVISION he made the minister at the ORDINATION."

Service, 1747, of Isaac Waldron Sr. (Capt. John Webster's company, 1747). "A muster Roll of the Company in His Majesty's service and pay of the Government of New Hampshire, under the command of John Webster Captain, March 14, 1747 for the Protection of the Inhabitance of Pennycook, etc. Viz."

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[Capt. Webster was of CHESTER. The men entered March 14 and were paid for two months' service, each.—EDITOR.]

1754, page 920-21 (detachment, from Col. Blanchard's Regiment, 1754). "A Muster roll, of the troops employed in His Majesty's Service on Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers, under the Command of Col. Joseph Blanchard by him posted under proper officers agreeable to His Excellency orders at the several stations.

"August 23, 1754 IMPRESSED.

"Isaac Waldron, 12 weeks, 2 days."

Biographical

JACOB WALDRON

John Morrill (son of Richard Morrill and grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill) married Mary Watkins, who was the daughter of Jason Watkins, who married Sarah Waldron; she was the daughter of Lieut. Jacob Waldron.

Lieutenant JACOB WALDRON, of Warner, N. H., served as Lieutenant from Warner, N. H., March 5, 1774, in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Militia, Twelfth Company of New Amesbury (Warner, N. H.), in Captain William Stilson's company, the second company in Col. Wyman's New Hampshire Regiment. See Vol. II, page 886, Gen. and Family History of the State of New Hampshire (Stearns), 1908.

The name of Jacob Waldron appears as LIEUTENANT on roll of Capt. Wm. Stilson's in the Northern Army

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A Corner of the Main Floor in the Nebraska State Museum, Showing the Great Skull and Tusks of a Columbian Mammoth. The Tusks are Thirteen Feet Long and About Ten Inches in Diameter. These, as Well as Other Bones in the Picture Belong to the Collections of Charles H. Morrill. The Twelve Students Standing under the Tusks, some on Step-Ladders, Serve to Show Comparative Size.

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in the Continental Service as mustered and paid by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen.

"Muster Master and Wages and Bounty 10 s. 16 d.o.
"Billeting 1 8 4."

See page 313, N. H. State Papers,
Vol. XIV, Vol. 3 Rev. Rolls.

[Page 315 of same volume says Capt. Stilson was of Hopkinton and Lieut. Waldron of Warner.—Editor.]

Page 548, Vol. XV, N. H. State Papers, Vol. 2 Rev. Rolls, Soldiers' Order 1777, May 19.

Petition of Soldiers, signed by Jacob Waldron and others. There was a number of other papers, relative to the services of Jacob Waldron of Warner, N. H., but without doubt the four above will suffice, and the several different dates will Obviate the Necessity of presenting the exact date of death of Jacob Waldron, born March 2, 1743.

Petition, page 548, N. H. State Papers, Vol. XIV, Soldiers Orders, May 1777, State of New Hampshire.

"To the Honorable Council and House of Representatives for this State—We the Petitioners, Humblee Shueth, that we being Soldiers in the Servis in Col. Winon's Regiment, in the year 1776 and in Capt. William Stilson's Company, as we have not received any wages for the month of November last — neither have we Received any Back Allowance for any of the time we were under Capt. Stilson, therefore we youre humble Petitioners Praye,— that the Honorable Court would pay to Lieut. Stephen Hoyt, the money which is oure just due, etc." Dated May 19, 1777.

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1780, page 868. Certificate at Warner, 23 November 1780 as to SERVICE of William Morrill, by

"LIEUT. JACOB WALDRON"

11. Jacob Waldron, eldest child of Isaac and Susanna (Chandler) Waldron was born in Rumford, March 2, 1743, and settled with his father, Isaac, and his brother Isaac Jr., in Warner in 1763. He was a lieutenant, March 5, 1774, in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Militia, Twelfth Company of New Amesbury (Warner); Lieutenant in Capt. William Stilson's company, the Second Company in Colonel Wyman's New Hampshire Regiment, raised in 1776.

He married July 12, 1764, Sarah Abbott, born January 12, 1743, daughter of James Abbott, born January 12, 1717. Harriman's history of Warner gives their children as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Benjamin C (?).

Warner, N. H., in 1763. Richard Kenny Waldron was a settler in STAFFORD about the same time, and is believed to have been a brother of ISAAC. It is said of Isaac that he was brainy, level-headed and public-spirited, but not orthodox — not a church member.

DANIEL ANNIS

John Morrill (son of Richard Morrill and grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill) married Mary Watkins. She was the daughter of Jason Watkins. Jason Watkins was the son of Abner Watkins. He married Ruth Annis, who was the daughter of Daniel Annis, who served on the Committee of Safety and gave other patriotic service during the Revolutionary War.

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Daniel Annis, Sr., served on Committee of Safety in Warner, N. H., August 3, 1775.

Daniel Annis, Sr., served as Selectman in Warner, N. H., 1775. History of Warner, N. H., by Walter Harriman, 1879, page 67, Annis. Also pages 215 and 216 Rev. War Rolls, N. H.

THE CENSUS — The Provincial Congress held at Exeter, N. H., issued 25, August 1775 an order for taking a CENSUS also a number of FIRE ARMS, etc.

"RETURN OF WARNER, N. H." Sworn to by Daniel Annis as one of the Selectmen.

Page 217, Same Hist. "When Daniel Annis, Senior, made the above return Warner had one colored man (not a slave)," etc.

History of Hopkinton, N. H., by C. C. Lord, 1890, page 303.

"DANIEL ANNIS from Massachusetts to Concord then Hopkinton and Warner," 1762. "At that time, 1762, REUBEN KIMBALL, was 24 years old (at the time of his settlement at Warner) and his wife Hannah 22."

Hannah Kimball was a daughter of Daniel Annis and as RUTH ANNIS, who married Abner Watkins Sr. was the YOUNGEST DAUGHTER of Daniel Annis, she would have been born some years later than her sister Hannah (Annis) Kimball, or probably somewhere about the year 1744-6, that being the year of the birth of Abner Watkins, the husband of Ruth Annis. Page 66, History of Warner, N. H., says that Daniel Annis and his son-in-law REUBEN KIMBALL came to Warner, N. H., in 1762. If Hannah Kimball was at that time

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22 years old and OLDER than her sister RUTH, Ruth would probably have been born about 1744-62. Page 213, Voted Mr. Daniel Annis Sen. Surverare.

Rev. War, page 215, 1775. Daniel Annis Sen. Selectman.

Rev. War, page 216. August 3, 1775, Daniel Annis on Committee of Safety.

Page 184-7 28, VIII Essex Antiquarian Vol. 111, 1899.

Daniel Annis (Abraham 2 Annis etc.).

Daniel Annis, born December 1, 1711, married Catherine Thomas.

Probably lived in Methuen, Mass. Yeoman 1741, son of Abraham, born in Newbury, October 18, 1668, who married Hannah.

Abraham, was married before 1693-4 and had 10 children.

About 1745, Daniel Annis disposed of his property in Bradford and removed to Concord, N. H. He settled near Captain Ebenezer Eastman's. In 1748 he united with others in a petition to "HIS EXCELLENCY, Benning Wentworth, praying that a small number of soldiers might be placed in the GARRISON near HENRY LOVEJOY'S GRISTMILL, which he had erected at great expense which was a good mill and at a place the most advantageously to accommodate the three towns of RUMFORD (now Concord), Contoocook (now Boscawen), and Canterbury." The petitioners set forth that "the ill consequences of abandoning the garrison the first year hath been severely felt by us," etc.

Hopkinton, N. H., though granted by Massachusetts

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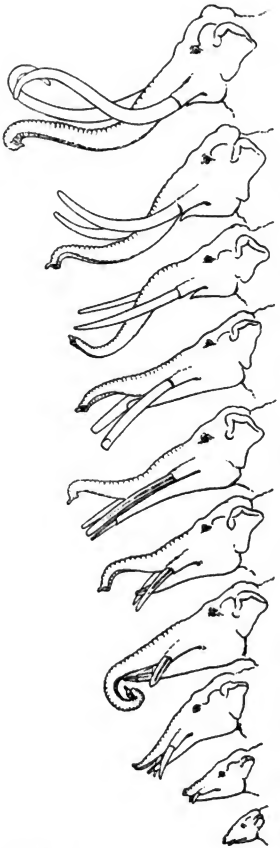

Elephas columbi, Columbian mammoth, short-jawed, Franklin County, Nebraska. Pleistocene.

Elephas hayi, Hay's or the long-jawed mammoth, Saline County, Nebraska. Pleistocene.

Mastodon americanus, American mastodon, Thurston County, Nebraska. Pleistocene.

Eubelodon morrilli, long-jawed mastodon, Devil's Gulch, Brown County, Nebraska. Pliocene.

Genobelodon lulli, Lull's long-jawed mastodon, Cherry County, Nebraska. Length of lower jaw 6 feet. Pliocene.

Tetrabelodon willistoni, Devil's Gulch, Brown County, Nebraska. Pliocene.

Genobelodon osborni, Osborn's long-jawed mastodon, Boyd County, Nebraska. Jaw 5 feet long. Pliocene.

Tetrabelodon, an early four-tusked mastodon, Miocene of Europe.

Palaeomastodon, Lower Oligocene, Egypt.

Meritherium, an ancestral proboscidean, Upper Eocene, Egypt.

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS ANCESTRY AS ILLUSTRATED BY MATERIAL IN THE MORRILL GEOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS, THE NEBRASKA STATE MUSEUM.

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in 1735 to citizens of Hopkinton, in that province, soon found itself, as did WARNER, N. H., outside the limits of that jurisdiction and a new CHARTER had to be obtained like WARNER, from the MASONIAN proprietors, and most of the old Hopkinton grantees retired. The few original members that remained called a meeting in 1750 at Concord, N. H., to admit new proprietors and stimulate settlement.

Page 212. First Town Meeting, 4, October 1774. "Voted Mr. Daniel Annis, Sealler of Waits and Measures."

JAMES ABBOTT

John Morrill (son of Richard Morrill and grandfather of Charles Henry Morrill) married Mary Watkins, daughter of Jason Watkins, who married Sarah Waldron, who was the daughter of Lieut. Jacob Waldron; he married Sarah Abbott, who was the daughter of Deacon James Abbott.

DEACON JAMES ABBOTT served on the Committee of Safety of Haverhill, N. H.

JAMES ABBOTT, born January 2, 1717, in Andover, Mass. Removed with his father about 1735 to Concord, N. H. He lived in Newbury, Vt., from 1763 to about 1767. He lived in Haverhill, N. H., during the REV. PERIOD, and was active in the town affairs of Haverhill, N. H., for many years following 1767. After the Revolution, he moved to Groton, N. H., where he was one of the first settlers. He died in Newbury, Vt., 1803, at the age of 86.

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From History of Haverhill, N. H., by Rev. J. O. Bittinger, 1888, page 68, we learn that —

"Daniel Abbott, was MODERATOR in that Town in 1676 and was active (page 69) in public matters, and held numerous positions of trust and honor."

In 1777 he was appointed one of the COMMITTEE by the town to confer with similar committees from other towns in reference to the "SAFETY OF THE COHOES REGION" at that time. After the Revolution he moved to Groton and was one of the first settlers in that town. His name appears on the Haverhill records as "DEACON ABBOTT." Page 172, same book, REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

In 1777 the "TOWN" chose a committee to meet a committee of the several towns at Lebanon. The object of the meeting we learn in a subsequent town meeting, where 33 shillings were voted to Capt. Wesson, James Bailey and Deacon Abbott for the JOURNEY TO LEBANON, "to converse with a committee sent by the GENERAL COURT."

The Town "Committee of Safety" had the general directions of the Scouting Parties, and to this committee the SCOUTS reported on their return from their beats.

"Here were sent ARMS AND AMMUNITIONS for the DISTRIBUTION to the TROOPS coming and going."

See History of Haverhill, N. H., by Rev. J. O. Bittinger, 1888, pages 68-69, etc.

See Nat. No. 10011, James Abbott of N. H.

Deacon James Abbott, eldest son and second child of James and Abigail (Farnum) Abbott, was born Jan-

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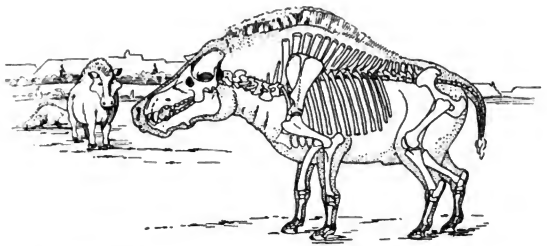
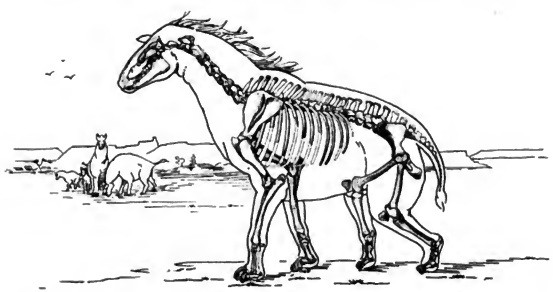


The Giant Hog, Dinohyus, Nearly 7 Feet High at the Shoulders, with a Skull 38 Inches Long. There are but Two Skeletons Known, One at Carnegie Museum, the Other at the Nebraska State Museum. Collections of Charles H. Morrill, which Contain Other Entelodonts and Small Fossil Peccaries.



Moropus, a Strange, Clawed, Herbivorous Animal 12 Feet in Height. It Has a Horse-like Head and Neck, but a Rhinoceros-like Body. This Was the First Complete Restoration Made of Moropus Since the Skull Was the First One Found. Collections of Charles H. Morrill, Nebraska State Museum.

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uary 2, 1717, Andover, Mass. He died in Newbury, Vt., 1803, at the age of 86; was a farmer in Concord, N. H., whence he removed in 1763 to Newbury, Vt., being one of the first settlers and DEACON of the first church of Newbury, Vt. He was married in 1742 to Sarah Bancroft, who was born February 19, 1722, daughter of Capt. Samuel and Sarah (Lamson) Bancroft of Reading, Mass. They had 15 children.

James Abbott was born at Andover, Mass., Feb. 12, 1695. Died Dec. 27, 1787, age 93. He came to Concord, N. H., about 1735. His house at some times was a garrison. The same kind of corn has been planted on his farm about ninety years in succession. Early Settlers. James Abbott.

Page 420, Abbott. The emigrant ancestor, George Abbott, is understood to have come from Yorkshire, England, in 1640. He was one of the first settlers of Andover, Mass., in 1643, where he died December 24, 1681 O. S. He married, in 1647, Hannibal Chandler and had 13 children.

2. William Abbott, 1657–1713; married, 1682, Elizabeth Gray — had 10 children.

7. Bancroft Abbott, b. June 4, 1757; married, 1787, Lydia, daughter Ebenezer White (she b. Jan. 1, 1763, d. June 1812). Admitted to 1st Ch. 1822, served in REV. WAR in Edel's regiment, and in local service. Learned geometry, surveying and navigation, without the aid of TEACHERS. Was very PROFICIENT IN MATHEMATICS. Held town offices. Died October 29, 1829, had 8 children.

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2. Abigail Abbott, b. January 22, 1746, married Major Asa Bailey. She published an autobiography (see Bibliography of Newbury). She died at Bath, N. H., February 11, 1815; had 17 children. (Andover Vitals, say born February 12, 1694-5).

James Abbott, 2d, married Abigail Farnum, and had 15 children. He became one of the first settlers of Concord, N. H., about 1737. (There were two Abigail Farnums on the Andover Vitals, about same date.)

(Note, there were 63 children in 5 families.)

Abbotts in REV. SERVICE. Father, 3 sons, 2 sons-in-law. (See Andover Vitals, page 29.)

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REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTORS OF MINNIE HARRIET MORRILL

THIS record has been verified by the Registrar-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and is now recorded in the Registrar's book of Elijah Gove, Chapter D. A. R., Stromsburg, Nebraska.

Daniel Morrill, Massachusetts
James Abbott, New Hampshire
Jacob Waldron, New Hampshire
Daniel Annis, New Hampshire
Abner Watkins, New Hampshire

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STATE HIS... OF WISCONSIN
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Madison, W... 53706

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